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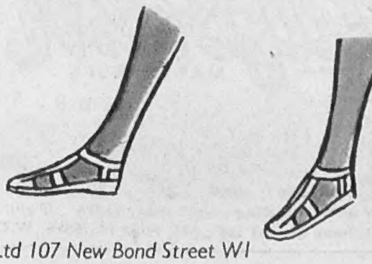

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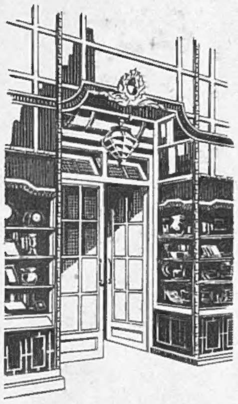

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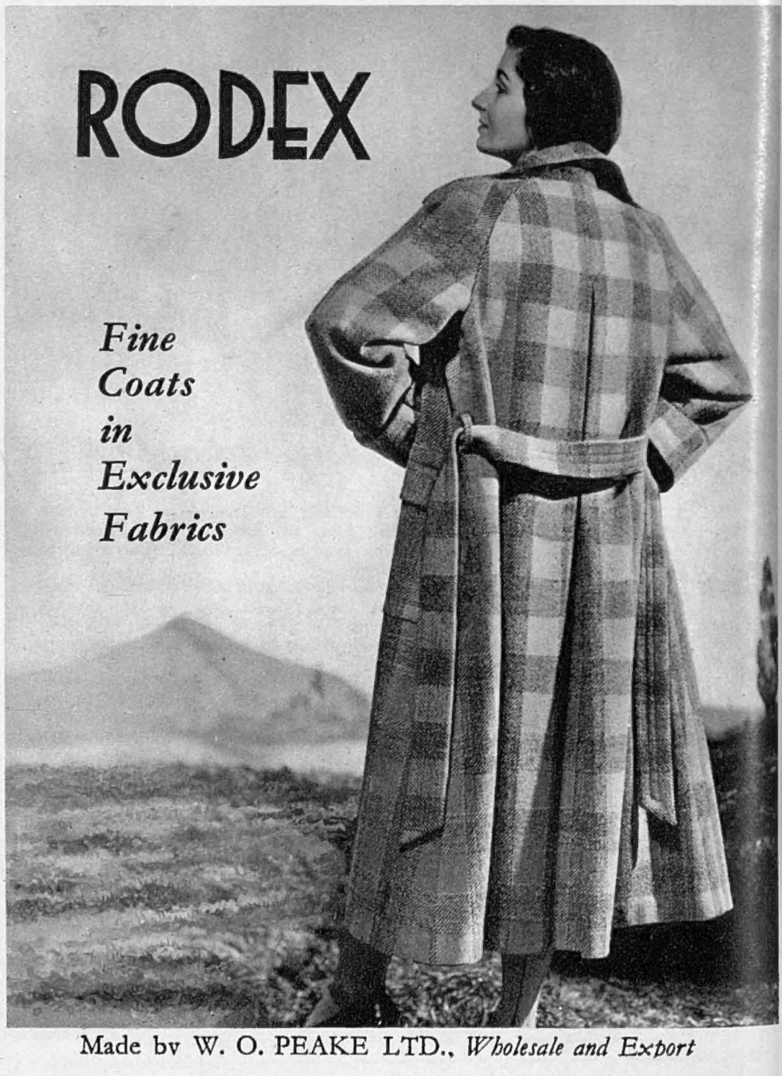

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1950

EILEEN HERLIE

. . . has her first solo-starring screen rôle in the English version of *The Angel With the Trumpet.* She gives the film a distinction it might never have earned on its own recognisances.

Photographed by BARON.

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INSIDE INFORMATION

BEVERLEY BAXTER

PETER FLEMING

C. A. LEJEUNE

J. C. TREWIN

RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

—WITH DEFERENCE—

—STOLE BY IN TERROR—

The Admiralty's lit up—in honour of President Auriol's visit.

Sketch-Book

BEVERLEY BAXTER

THE crocus has appeared at the bottom of my garden. Each year this solitary harbinger of spring comes by itself with no brothers or sisters to share its glory, and always it is first on the scene.

Where does it spend its solitary winter, and how does it learn that winter is in stubborn but certain retreat? Unlike the other Beverley I am not a gardener, preferring to leave the midwifery to more experienced hands, but this lovely thing, this dainty messenger from the quickening earth, touches the emotions and, for a moment, makes one beauty's slave.

Even Max the Aberdeen Terrier treats the crocus with deference and seems glad that it has arrived. Like all lovely things, it will die, but next year it will come again.

MAX is still feeling exhausted after the election, during which he regretfully displayed strong Left Wing tendencies. Whenever Sir Wavell Wakefield's loud-speaker van appeared in the terrace Max rushed to the balcony and swore something horrid. Bulldogs stole by in terror, and even the passing Pekingese blushed with embarrassment.

However, Max was much pleasured by the arrival of a tin of meat sent to him from Australia by a female Scottie whose mistress is a reader of *The Sketch*. Max has asked me to acknowledge the gift in the following letter which he dictated while lying on his back. He wanted to start it *You sweet little bitch*, but I explained to him that this is an unprintable word owing to the peculiar refinement of the English which exalts the male of the species but blushes at the female designations. One still remembers that terrible moment at the Royal Yacht Squadron dinner where ladies were present and the President said: "It is good to see the same old Cowes faces again."

So Max has compromised and we shall therefore begin:

"Sweet Cutie from Down-under:

"It was sure good of you to send me that splendiferous tin of meat. According to the morning newspapers which I devour each day we Britishers are getting our full intake of calories but who the hell wants a calory when he could have a bone?

" I suppose you wonder what I really look like, because those drawings in *The Sketch* don't really do me justice. I wear my hair well over my eyes because I don't hold with this urchin hair-do that some of the Poodles affect. There 's one Poodle that walks this Terrace that I 'd give ten bones just to have a chance to alter her urchin crop.

" Mind you, there 's some drawbacks about hair over your eyes. The other day the boss came down the steps with two men and I didn't see him turn back to the house. So I followed them all the way to Lord's Cricket Ground, and by St. Andrew how they walked. I was literally all out on my feet. There were all sorts of places where they could have stopped, for this used to be a forest, but they just went on and on. Then I heard a shout and a growling of wheels. It was the boss in a taxicab. He said ' You crazy mutt, where do you think you 're going ? ' He is rather coarse at times, but dogs can't be choosers.

" My fur coat is very heavy and my legs are well shaped but short. I feel ashamed at times in the park when I can't keep up with other dogs, but you can't have everything in this world. Anyway, my voice production is perfect, and a good voice is better than a pretty pair of legs any time, especially if you 're a he dog. The best time for barking is, of course, on Sunday morning, when there 's no traffic on the streets. A pretty little lady dog told me the other day that she could hear me nearly a mile away in her bath.

" I also have a long beard. Do you mind ? It gives character, don't you think ? I 'd send you a bone or two, but the boss says I couldn't get an export licence. Write me some time and tell me all about yourself. What you look like and what you think about when you find a nice cool draught to lie in.

" I remain, dear lady, your grateful admirer,

MAX.

" P.S.—So glad you yelped for the Conservatives in Australia."

PHILOSOPHERS are given to referring to middle age as the era of repetition, and therefore it ought to be rejuvenating to have a new experience. I must confess to some doubts on this point after the other night when, in a moment of husbandly weakness, I went to a swagger dress show which was held in the evening and where there was champagne to drink and pleasant absurdities to eat.

As Noel Coward would say, it was quite, quite terrifying. All around me were devilishly smart women, who sized up a frock or a suit with the swift appraisal of a trainer at the Newmarket sale of yearlings. Some of these ladies were fashion writers, some of them were importers from North America, some of them were designers. But there was a flawless efficiency about them, a metallic perfection in their dress which made me feel as if I were arrayed in a horse-blanket with my tie around my ears and my trousers wrinkled like the brow of an absent-minded professor. Even the presence of Mr. Godfrey Wynn as a guest did not wholly restore my sense of uncouth aloofness.

Not that Godfrey and I were the sole representatives of the weaker sex. There were buyers who were made of stern, masculine stuff, who looked peculiarly unæsthetic. They might have been stockbrokers or bookmakers or county councillors. Yet their lives are spent in the business of adorning the female form.

There were three models who entered alternately with the assurance of those who know that they are daughters of the gods. Each one took just a minute and as she moved swiftly and gracefully about the room announced the name of the outfit, such as " Derby Winner," " Lost Deposit," " Bank Holiday," " Financial Post," " Tea for Two," " Cup Final," " Try Again." There is wit as well as skill in our leading *couturiers*.

But how can you separate a costume from the human creature who is wearing it ? One of the models had twinkling eyes which gave a meaning of their own to each particular outfit. Another model was of the demure type with just a suggestion that she would be at her best in the moonlight. The clothes she wore were chosen to go with her personality—so how to distinguish the picture from the frame ?

Afterwards I asked my host why he did not have stout models, women of mature proportions who when they walked would prove that the law of gravity still holds good. He shook his head. " It wouldn't work," he said. " They believe that if they buy that particular outfit they will look like the model."

THAT eminent Parliamentarian and stores proprietor Sir William Darling takes a different view. As you probably know, he owns a magnificent establishment in Edinburgh which specialises in clothing the female. " I tell my staff," he said to me not long ago, " not to bother with the girl of seventeen or eighteen. At that age a girl could wear a coal-scuttle on her head, a blanket around her body and snowshoes on her feet, and still look attractive. What we want is the fortyish and fiftyish women who are fighting a rearguard action. That 's where the money lies."

But I shall not go to a dress show again. It is too shrinking to a man's vanity, too crushing to his self-esteem. Perfection is something to be sought for but not achieved.

MANY are the critics of the City, and it is a poor Left Winger who cannot raise a sneer at our stockbrokers and others who occupy themselves with the vagaries of finance. Therefore it is well that now and then there emerges an incident or a gesture which proves that the City has a heart that beats with human passion and can be moved to gentleness and pity.

Not since the Cheeryble brothers took Nicholas Nickleby into their business has there been anything to equal the high-minded selfless idealism of Lloyd's when, for a paltry premium of £5,000, they insured the Liberal lost deposits over fifty and up to 300. And to think how often the Socialists have condemned these philanthropists and their ilk as hard-faced men. Their faces are not hard. Neither are their hearts. And let us not ration our tribute but add that neither are their heads.

But obviously we ordinary folk have been neglecting our opportunities. Here is a Santa Claus operating the year round. Therefore, I have made a list of suggestions which will no doubt find a ready acceptance by the members of the grand old institution.

1. For a premium of £10 I wish Lloyd's to insure my losses on the Derby up to £100.

2. For a further premium of £10 Lloyd's to insure my losses at golf during the remainder of 1950 up to £100.

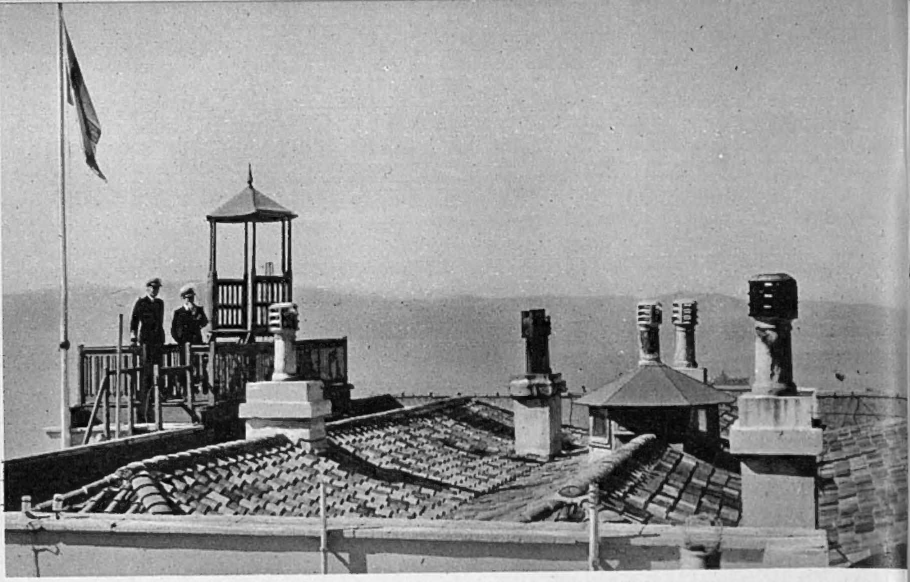
3. For a premium of £25 a triple policy covering losses at bridge, canasta and gin rummy up to £150 for the remainder of the year.

These proposals are eminently fair, especially as Lloyd's can spread the risk, whereas I must raise the money for the premiums entirely by my own efforts. What is more, my proposals give Lloyd's a sporting chance, which the Liberals couldn't do, because I might win at all these intellectual contests which have been outlined. The law of average must work some time.

Gentlemen—I await the acceptance of my offer.

Beverley Baxter

Admiral Brooking glances at the Visitors' Book, signed by captains and senior officers of various ships. The board behind bears the names of former admirals i/c Gibraltar.



The roof at The Mount, showing the Admiral's flag and the tabernacle from which he can view the harbour ; with Algeciras in the distance across Gibraltar Bay. With Admiral Brooking is Commander Geoffrey Palmer, his secretary.

VICE-ADMIRAL, GIBRALTAR

VICE-ADMIRAL BROOKING has an enviable appointment, commanding Gibraltar, with such a property as The Mount to live in. In 1795 Sir William Green, Chief Engineer during the great siege of Gibraltar, obtained the original grant of the property, having cultivated and planted the grounds and built a house at his own expense. In 1797 the Admiralty acquired the place from his relatives, at a cost of £1500 ; and it is believed that the purchase was made by Lord St. Vincent who, as Admiral Jervis, had won the battle of St. Vincent in 1797, and wanted a shore H.Q. In 1846 the house was enlarged to its present size ; a billiard room—now the Ballroom (or Women's Institute)—being added in 1900. The 8-acre garden is lovely most of the year ; contains palm-trees planted by two Kings, Edward VII. and George V. Admiral Brooking was born in 1896, educated at Lambrook, Bracknell ; and R.N. Colleges Osborne and Dartmouth. He entered the Royal Navy in 1910 ; commanded H.M.S. *Sirius* during World War II. (D.S.O. and Bar) ; was Chief of Staff British Admiralty Delegation, Washington, U.S.A., 1946-48 ; Flag Officer and Admiral Superintendent, Gibraltar, since 1948. In 1925 he married Miss Mary Allan ; and they will celebrate their silver wedding in June, just before they leave The Rock.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by CHARLES E. BROWN.

View of The Mount from the southern corner of the verandah, with Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Brooking and Commander Geoffrey Palmer. In the background H.M.S. *Vanguard* is secured to the South Mole.

Vice-Admiral P. W. B. Brooking, C.B., D.S.O. and Bar, Vice-Admiral, Gibraltar.

Here is Commander Palmer's study in his own quarters. In this room Nelson's coffin lay when *Victory* berthed in Rosia Bay to refit after the Battle of Trafalgar.

Twelve-year-old Antonia Brooking's collection of over sixty cap-ribbons from ships calling at Gib. during the past year excludes the U.S. Navy, which has no individual ribbons.

Admiral and Mrs. Brooking and Commander Palmer discuss matters in the drawing-room. The arum lilies, iris, broom and other flowers in the wall vase are all home-grown, in January.

Candid Cameo

PETER CAZALET

By Peter Fleming

PETER CAZALET'S relations with that fleet, sagacious and expensive friend of man, the horse, were not always what they are to-day. A nursery-maid who was so ill-advised as to lift him on to the back of a donkey at the seaside was savagely bitten by her precious burden; and a marked distaste for any form of equitation was a salient feature of what can hardly in the circumstances be called his formative years. "My beautiful, my beautiful, that standest meekly by"—it was in terms very different from these that Peter was accustomed to address his pony; but he did his level best to ensure that standing meekly by was all the poor brute ever had to do. The clip-clop of trim hoofs on the Fairlawne gravel was the signal for the future trainer of Monaveen to go underground, and friends of the family vividly recall the familiar sight of Snowball being led dejectedly up and down outside the front door while governesses, footmen and bloodhounds quartered the adjacent boscage for the missing jockey. At this period of his life Peter, though not addicted to hero-worship, would have taken an unusually favourable view of the man (had he met him) who said, "I hate horses. They attack with both ends and there is nowhere to put the luggage."

In other respects, however, the lad promised well. He learnt to read and write, and still keeps up both accomplishments, though with characteristic modesty he does not talk about them much. At Eton—where he and I sang the *Vale* together, and may thus be said to have left under the same cloud—he made it abundantly clear that he was going to be a very good, and perhaps a great ball-games player; and at Oxford he collected without difficulty a blue for cricket and half-blues for racquets, tennis and squash. He played cricket regularly for Kent, and more than once got into the semi-finals of the Amateur Squash Racquets Championship, which in those days was generally won by his elder brother, Victor.

Then, suddenly, it happened. Detached and level-headed, Peter seemed destined to escape the varied entanglements which beset young gentlemen at the University; tobacconists' daughters, the Liberal Party, *vers libre*, the Demon Alcohol—all these proffered their assorted allurements in vain. It was, of all things, horses that got him. Gone were the days of Snowball's empty saddle and the drip congealing at the end of the old groom's nose. Peter, who is nothing if not thorough, used to drive over to Sandhurst, where the young Grenadier officer who was then Adjutant there (and is now Comptroller of the Household to Monaveen's joint owner) taught him to ride over jumps in the *manège*. Very soon he was winning races in which his contemporaries were generally mounted better than they rode. Oxford was followed by a flirtation of a somewhat platonic nature with industrial chemistry, a branch of human activity in which the horse plays a comparatively insignificant rôle, stuffed crocodiles being the only quadrupeds whose presence is *bien vu* in the more old-established laboratories.

In 1932 Peter gave his favourite crucible a valedictory lump of sugar, opened a training stable under H. E. Whiteman at Fairlawne, and began a distinguished career as a Gentleman Rider. I accompanied him to a Whit Monday meeting at Buckfastleigh, where he rode in his first steeplechase; and I well remember how stuffy it was in the ambulance as we bumped back over the grass after collecting his senseless form from a fence on the far side of the course, where a leather had come adrift. Undeterred by this initial brush with the laws of gravity, Peter went on steeplechasing. He had five rides in the Grand National, the first in 1933 on Shaun Goilin (the 1930 winner), and the one he remembers best on Emancipator, when he lined up with Anthony Mildmay on Davy Jones, also trained at Fairlawne, who broke a rein and ran out when leading comfortably at the last jump. In 1939 Peter took out a trainer's licence himself.

Important though this event was, it was, you will recall, overshadowed that year by others of even greater moment, one of the results of which was to transform Peter into a subaltern in the Gunners. He transferred into the Welsh Guards and went into Europe riding a (very appropriately) "Cromwell" tank in the Guards Armoured Division, and although he came through all right, this period of his life was clouded by tragedy, for his wife, Leonora, died suddenly a few days before he sailed for Normandy. He also lost his elder brother, Victor, a politician of much promise, who was killed in an air crash with General Sikorski.

After the war, and once more in close alliance with Anthony Mildmay, Peter set about restoring the fortunes of the Fairlawne stable, and in five years has reached a position at the head of his profession. Besides Monaveen, he has Cromwell in next week's Grand National; and at the turn of the year he had already won more than twice as much in stakes as the next most successful trainer. He has married again (to the lovely Zara Strutt); Sheran, his daughter by his first marriage, will come out in a year or two, and his son Edward has made a flying start at Eton.

If you sat opposite Peter in a railway carriage, or even if you called at Fairlawne (on behalf, say, of Mass Observation or in the capacity of a piano-tuner) without knowing who the owner was, I doubt if you would connect him with horses. "Well-tubbed"—that epithet once so dear to female novelists and latterly so repugnant to Mr. Gaitskell—is perhaps one of the first impressions that would form in your mind; and you would put him down at something considerably less than his actual age, which is forty-three. His complexion would lead you to suppose that he lived in the country, his gait and conformation that he took a lot of exercise, and his humorous, speculative blue eyes that he got a lot of fun out of life. But what sort of a life? You would, I think, find it very difficult to say; and I should be very much surprised if you were not very much surprised on learning that he was the leading trainer under National Hunt Rules.

To what does he owe his success? I don't know how he would answer that question, but I would put determination first among the qualities which have got him so far ahead in so short a time. A certain doggedness, a quiet tenacity of purpose combined with a refusal to be rattled were among the characteristics which made Peter such an obvious choice for an opening batsman. Then he is shrewd, and very thorough, and well-liked, and he has a flair where horses are concerned. I should say also that, although he is not in the least an ambitious man, the competitive instinct is very strongly developed in him. He does not mind losing, but he much prefers to win, and he simply cannot see the point in not—if you like doing a thing—doing it better than everyone else.

May I say in conclusion how much it goes against the grain to make the great booby sound as if he were a frightfully good chap? But honesty compels me to admit that this widely-held view is more or less in accordance with the facts of the case. The only things I can think of to his detriment are that I once saw him shoot a grey hen on the Twelfth of August, and that he is very nearly as bad as I am at chess. I shall have to cook up something a bit juicier than this if the film rights of my forthcoming work, *Cazalet: The Man and His Times*, are going to be worth anything at all.

★

Who . . . Me?

I DOUBT it, but I feel there should be a moral somewhere, and certainly for Peter Fleming.

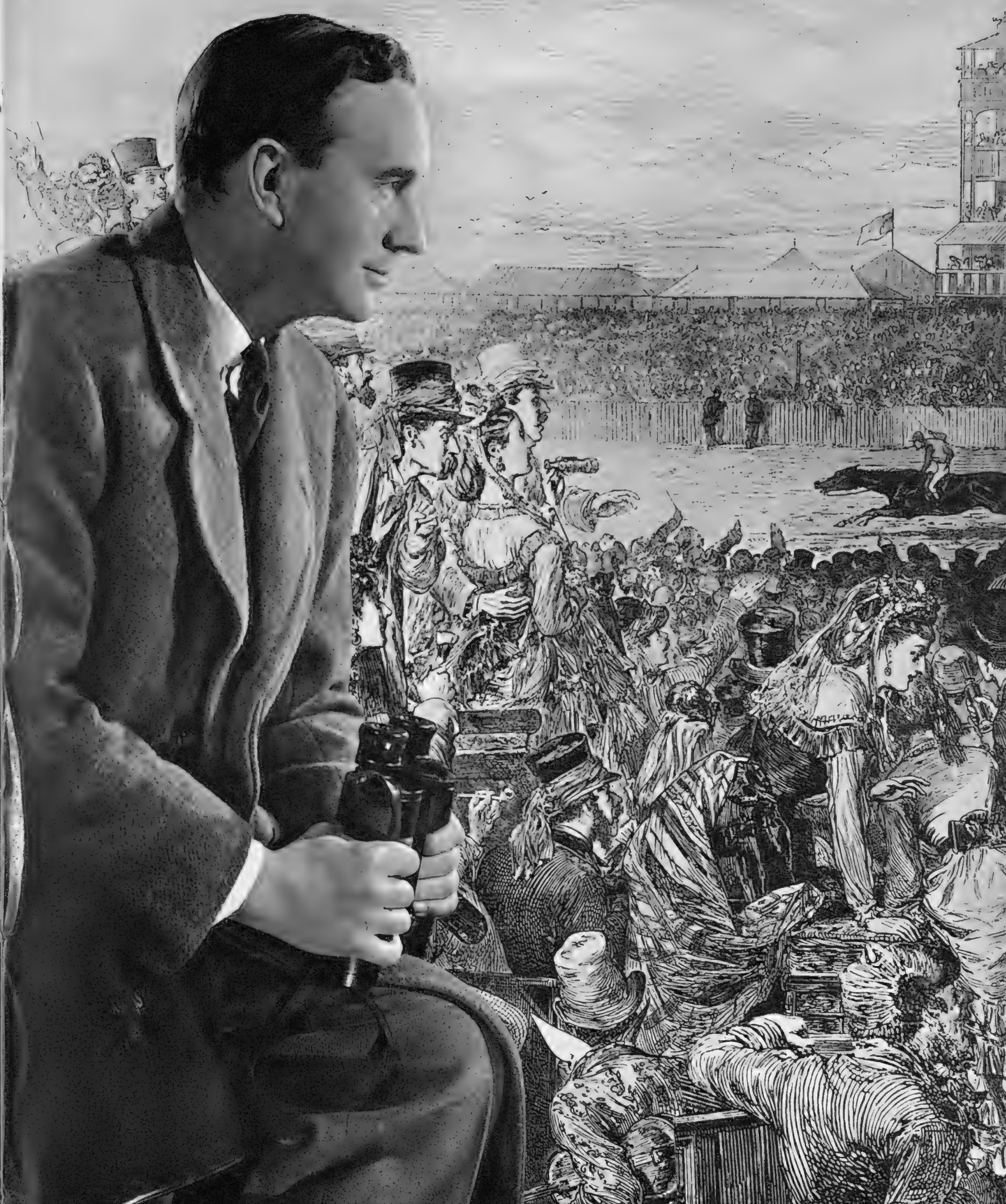
After spending many educational years together, we parted, he for adventure in the wilds of Tibet and Brazil, while I just sat on my horse and waited for the summons to his death-bed.

But no, it was not to the heights of the Himalayas or the swamps of the Matto Grosso that I was bid, but to the Hospital, Reading (Berks). . . .

Dear old Snowball had dropped our Peter at the bottom of the garden and remembered to step on his pelvis.

O Fleming! Explorer, author, crackshot, *bon viveur et raconteur*, the toast of every Green Room, would you had learned to train "Your beautiful, your beautiful, to stand more meekly by."

Peter Cazalet



BACKGROUND TO A TRAINER: PETER CAZALET

Photomontage by ANGUS McBEAN

The impressive main entrance of the Royal Academy of Music, built in 1910, looks on to the Marylebone Road. Students must attend on three or four days a week.

The trombones and tuba in the brass section of the First Orchestra, to which students are admitted only after passing a tricky audition.

ACCENT ON YOUTH: THE

THE Royal Academy of Music, founded in 1822 "to promote the cultivation of the science of music, and to afford facilities for attaining perfection in it by assisting with general instruction all persons desirous of acquiring a knowledge thereof . . . to do all and all manner of acts and things whatsoever and wheresoever which shall be necessary for, or conducive to the effecting or carrying out the objects of the Royal Academy of Music . . ."

Throughout the 128 years of its existence, many eminent musicians and lovers of music have carried out these objects set down in the Royal Charter. And many who are now household names had their small beginnings under these roofs. Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir Edward German, Sir Henry Wood, Sir Arnold Bax, Tobias Matthay, Sir John Barbirolli, Eva Turner, Dame Myra Hess, Clifford Curzon, Sidney Griller are but a handful of the long list of names of celebrities who became Fellows of the R.A.M.

Specially photographed for

"Albert Herring" is to be produced next term by the Opera Class. Rehearsals are similar to those of professional opera companies.

The Students' branch of the R.A.M. Club recently enjoyed a "We Agree to Differ" entertainment provided by a team of professors.

The woodwind section of the First Orchestra in rehearsal. There are many opportunities for students to take part in the life of the Academy outside routine lessons.

The Principal, Dr. R. S. Thatcher, O.B.E., M.C., M.A., D.Mus. (Oxon), Hon. R.A.M., F.R.C.M., at his desk beneath the portrait of Sir J. B. McEwen, a previous Principal.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

We may therefore suppose that among its hundreds of students to-day there will be a few to reach the top rung of the musical ladder.

Certainly there is every opportunity for doing so. The resources and equipment are exceptional. There is a large concert hall, a theatre and a fine lecture hall. A valuable and extensive library contains thousands of orchestral scores (including the valuable orchestral library bequeathed by Sir Henry Wood), oratorios, cantatas and vocal scores of operas, besides books on musical subjects. There are valuable instruments and manuscripts, some of the former being made available to students. There are orchestras to join, an opera class to take part in ; there are lessons in mime and drama. If a student wishes to study harmony and counterpoint, to become a conductor, to master the flute, harp or horn, or any other instrument, he may do so here.

"The Sketch" by Tasker.

During tea break students chat in the canteen about their musical aspirations or discuss the merits and demerits of many classical works.

The 'Cellos tune up for rehearsal under the direction of Mr. Clarence Raybould, Director of the Senior Orchestra.

MME. MASSIGLI IN THE NEW FRENCH EMBASSY

MME. MASSIGLI, wife of the French Ambassador, M. René Massigli, had a busy time during the brilliant festivities attending the State visit to London last week of the President of the French Republic and Mme. Auriol. These included the State banquet at which M. and Mme. Vincent Auriol entertained their Majesties in the newly-decorated French Embassy. The lofty ballroom with its golden damask-covered walls was transformed into a banqueting hall where seventy guests dined ; and afterwards a reception was held to which about 300 guests were bidden. Spring flowers from the South of France, and special delicacies were flown over for the occasion ; and the President sent over his *maître d'hôtel*, with some priceless French silver, which included the famous candelabra from the Élysée. The new French Embassy owes its high standard of elegance entirely to Mme. Massigli. On the walls hang Gobelin tapestries ; on the floors are Aubusson and Savonnerie carpets ; and fine paintings, French furniture and chandeliers decorate the splendid rooms. For the State visit Mme. Massigli provided herself with dresses from Paris. Above, her Excellency wears the navy blue and white Dior model in silk georgette in which she met M. and Mme. Auriol at Victoria Station. Below, the Balenciaga model in kingfisher-blue shantung which she arranged to wear at the Guildhall.

Photographed by NEVILLE COATES.

SKETCH DATE-BOOK

(Our Social Diary)

FEB. 21.
134th meeting of Wine and Food Society at the Empress Club. The President, M. André Simon, in the picture, with Lady Dill. The knott, tiny Scandinavian bird found in Norfolk, made its London début, served with pâté de foie gras, accompanied with champagne, a 1943 de Venoge.

FEB. 21.
Miss Joan Elizabeth Bradfield, daughter of the Bishop of Bath and Wells and Mrs. Bradfield, of The Palace, Wells, married at Wells Cathedral Mr. C. H. F. Blake, Colonial Administrative Service, Malaya, son of Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Blake, of Plainsfield, Crewkerne.

FEB. 23.
Electric atmosphere at Lord Camrose's General Election party at the Savoy, where huge crowd dined, and watched results on board as they came through. In foreground: Sir Malcolm Sargent, Lady Moyne, Lady De La Warr, Mrs. McCullough.

FEB. 24.
At St. Michael's, Chester Square, wedding of Mr. Alastair Gordon, son of Lord Dudley Gordon, of Bullards, East Grinstead, and of the late Lady Dudley Gordon, to Miss Anne Barry, daughter of Col. Gerald and Lady Margaret Barry, of Bulawayo, S. Rhodesia. Bride was given away by her uncle, Lord Radnor.

FEB. 24.
Nearly 1000 people representing twenty-eight Hunts at the Park Lane Hotel for "Horse and Hound" Ball. Air resounded with rousing calls during dinner, as horn-blowing contest proceeded in the Tudor Room. Dancing to Bill Savill's band. Personalities on left: Major Robin Hastings and the Hon. Mrs. Harry Llewellyn, wife of captain of England's show-jumping team. Right: Mrs. Jean Holbech, and Col. Harry Llewellyn himself, one of our finest show-jumpers.

[Continued overleaf.

FEB. 25.
Married at St. George's, Hanover Square, Mr. John P. Waterfield, H.M. Embassy, Moscow, son of Sir Percival and Lady Waterfield, of 6, Bryanston Court, W.1, and Miss Margaret Lee Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard R. Thomas, of Panama City, Florida, U.S.A.

FEB. 25.
At Crowell, near Chinnor, the Oxford University point-to-point steeplechasing; weather chilly but racing pretty good. In the picture on the right are Miss D. Crosland and Mr. T. M. Baring. He's Master of the Drag; rode in the 'Varsity Grand Challenge Cup, which was won, however, by Mr. A. J. Saller's Minimax. On left, l. to r., Mr. W. Stirling, Colonel the Hon. Ian Leslie-Melville, and Miss E. Leslie-Melville with her horse Colinburn, her mount in the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race.

FEB. 27.
At-home portrait of a fiancée—Lady Caroline Thynne, only daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath, who has just announced her engagement to Mr. David Somerset, only surviving son of Captain and Mrs. Robert Somerset, of East Meon, Hampshire. The groom-to-be's father is heir-presumptive to the Duke of Beaufort. The bride-to-be inherits her mother's good looks.

FEB. 28.
A grand affair; lots of fun: the Cambridge University Conservative Association Lent Term Ball, held in the Dorothy Café, Cambridge. Besides a first-class band, the University Pipers, looking terribly smart, played for the reel-dancing. On the left, Mr. Anthony Bullock (Trinity) danced with Miss Claire Thomson. On right, seated, l. to r., Mr. Denzil Freeth, Miss Isabel Faulkner-Smith, Mr. Hamilton Kerr, M.P., who's just won the seat for Cambridge Borough, Miss Delphine Hawkins. Standing: Miss Polly Elwes, Mr. Norman St. J. Stevas, Mrs. Eve Marten, Mr. Andrew Hay, Mr. Julian Lafone, Lord Strafford's grandson.

SKETCH

MARCH 6.

Colour galore round about the Palace of Westminster, in the streets, for the State Opening of Parliament. Not only the Peeresses in their different coloured gowns, their furs, their jewelled tiaras and stomachers made up the mass of brilliance ; but the Peers in scarlet and ermine, the Gentlemen-at-Arms with their scarlet tunics, broad gold braid and plumed hats with the feathers flying in the breeze, and members of the Diplomatic Corps. On left are their Excellencies the Swedish Ambassador and his wife, Mme. Gunnar Hägglöf. On right, Lady Monteagle, with neat diamond tiara and dangling diamond ear-rings, waited for her carriage.

Left : The Hon. Mrs. Francis Legh, who went with her husband, wore an amusing silk " question-mark " hat with flowing white veil ; and on the right are the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. Her quilted silk dress, perfectly fitting and most elegant, was among the loveliest of all the dresses seen at the opening. " Others present " in this glittering pageant included envoys from many lands ; turbans, tarbushes and burnouses marked the presence of Eastern Ambassadors and Ministers. The judges in their wigs and gowns struck a sombrely handsome note among the bright uniforms. And the handsome dresses of the Pursuivants, the Yeomen of the Guard, and of the King's Bargemen, added their ancient glory to the assembly.

MARCH 6.

The Duchess of Kent attended opening of the 50th anniversary exhibition of the Women's International Art Club. H.R.H. has been patron of the Club for several years, but this is the first time she has sent in her own work, Portrait of a Young Man, *seen in the picture.*

DATE-BOOK

MARCH 7.

France's President and Mme. Auriol drove to the floodlit French Embassy for the State banquet at which they entertained the King and Queen to dinner. Mme. Auriol in a gown of smoke-grey tulle.

[Continued overleaf.

SKETCH DATE-BOOK

(Abroad)

FEB. 1—15.

Kitzbühel. Austria has been a good bet financially and for snow for winter-sporters this year. Staying at the picturesque Tennerhof Hotel a young party found it so, at any rate. On the left, after strenuous muscle-wearing day, are, l. to r., Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill, Lord Roger Manners, Lady Caroline Thynne, Miss Judy Dugdale and Lady Caroline Scott. Look right for Ladies Rosemary Churchill and Caroline Scott about to set out for one of Kitzbühel's fifty different runs. For all toiled manfully up the ski slopes daily, and in the evenings enjoyed dinner-parties with many friends staying locally.

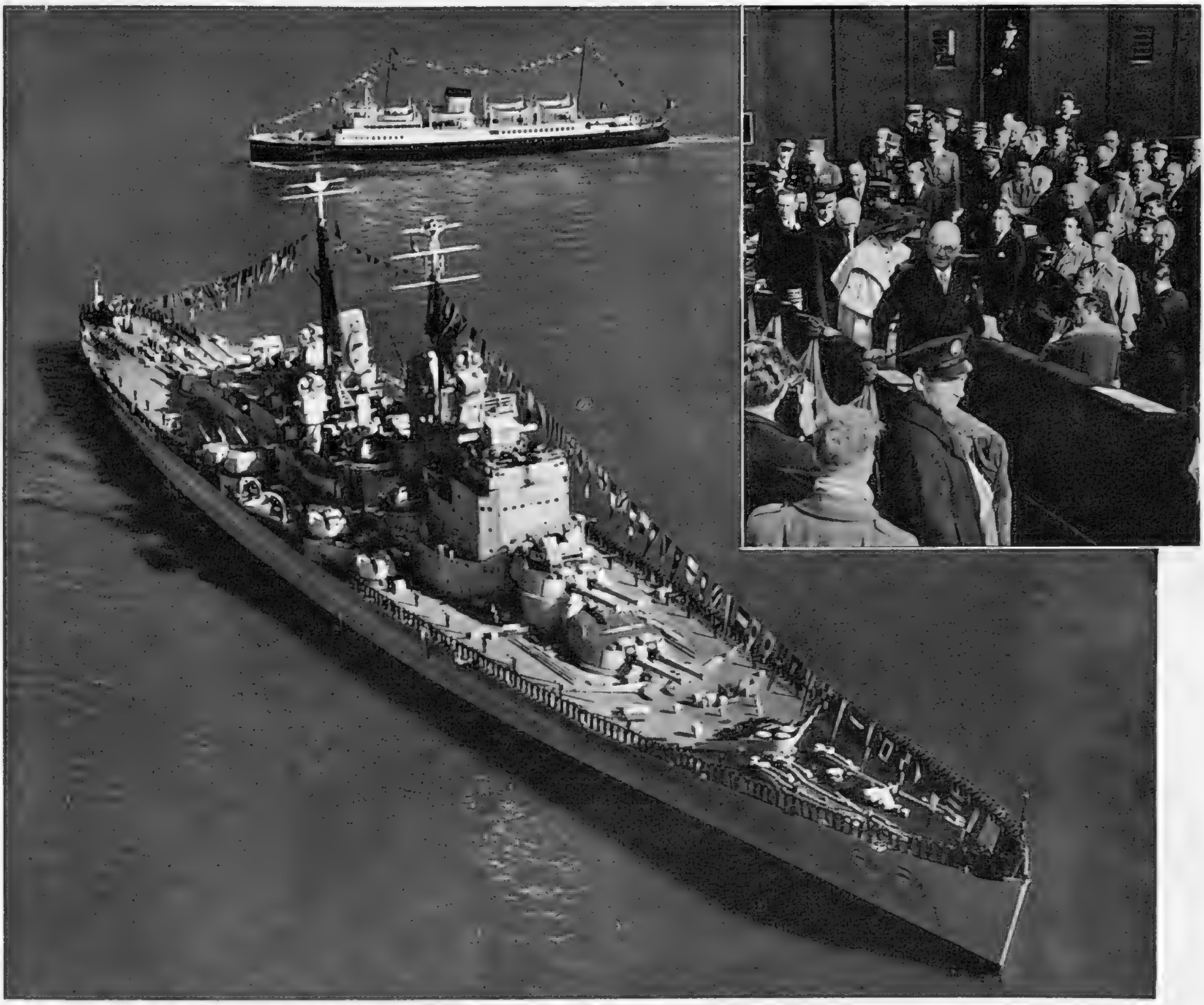
Look left for another member of the same ski-ing party, Miss Veronica Naylor-Leyland, staying with her brother at the Reichhof, where dancing is one of the popular activities when night falls. On the right is the Hon. Peter Ward. As always with this violent, exhilarating sport, there were casualties. An accident to Lord Roger Manners put his leg in plaster; Lady Caroline Thynne, just engaged, caught a cold; Miss Rachel Brand sprained an ankle; but otherwise everyone survived the rigours of the holiday; returned with bronzed faces.

FEB. 20.

Sestriéres. More winter-sporters: Sir Victor Mallet, British Ambassador to Rome, and his daughter Anne Marie were snapped during their ski-ing holiday at this intriguing Italian winter resort. Miss Mallet had just announced her engagement to Lord Dunboyne

FEB. 21.

Paris. Here are French judges of film awards, headed by Mme. Bidault (centre), French Premier's wife, with Jean Cocteau, and novelist Colette. Films and personnel awarded prizes included Retour a La Vie, Passport to Pimlico, Louisiana Story; Bernard Blier, Gregory Peck, Danielle Delorme, Alida Valli.



CALAIS TO DOVER: FRANCE'S PRESIDENT AND MME. AURIOL

How difficult it is to realise that less than 150 years ago Napoleon planned to invade England, and established a camp at Boulogne from which to launch his attack. To-day, with France and Britain in closest friendship and alliance, there was a Royal welcome for the peaceful invasion of our shores by France's President and his wife, whose departure from Calais and arrival at Dover are pictured here. *Top right:* M. and Mme. Auriol and M. R. Schuman embarking in T.S.S. *Arromanches*. *Left:* H.M.S. *Vanguard* fired a salute as *Arromanches* approached Dover. *Below:* The Duke of Gloucester and civic dignitaries greeted the President and his wife at Dover.

VIVE LA FRANCE!: A ROYAL GREETING

Top picture: at Victoria Station, for the first time in eleven years, the King and Queen welcomed to London a President of the French Republic and his wife. In the centre the King is shown with M. Vincent Auriol and the Duke of Gloucester; followed (*below*) by the carriage containing the Queen, Mme. Auriol, Princess Elizabeth and the Duchess of Gloucester on the way to Buckingham Palace.

AFTER THE STATE BANQUET, AND AT GUILDHALL

After the State Banquet at Buckingham Palace, their Majesties and their guests, M. and Mme. Auriol, acknowledged the cheers of the crowd from the balcony. The centre pictures show Princess Elizabeth, and the Rt. Hon. Winston and Mrs. Churchill on the way to the banquet. And, *below*, the luncheon in the library at Guildhall to which M. and Mme. Auriol were entertained by the Lord Mayor of London.

THERE WAS SPLENDID PAGEANTRY AT THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

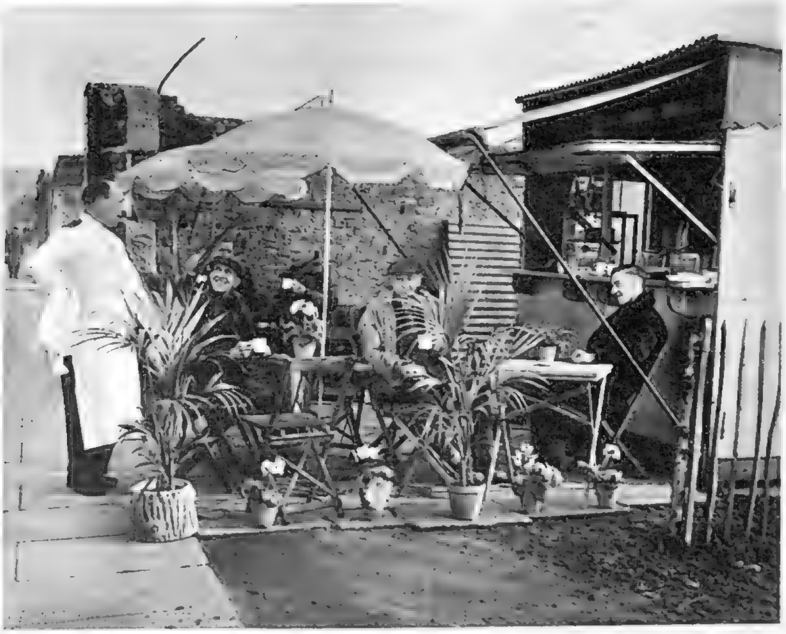
LONDON'S traditional splendour of pageantry at the State opening of Parliament by the King is unequalled to-day among the world's capitals. The King and Queen drove from Buckingham Palace in the Irish State coach with a Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavalry formed by the Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards in plumed helmets, and burnished breastplates, carrying drawn swords. Two scarlet-coated outriders preceded the Royal coach, which was drawn by four greys. The parade passed down the Mall below a canopy of blue-and-white streamers into Whitehall and so to the Palace of Westminster. Princess Elizabeth arrived at the House of Lords with the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent. In the House of Lords waited a colourful assembly of peers in Parliamentary robes of scarlet and ermine; of peeresses in jewelled tiaras. After the formal ceremony the King bowed, and the Queen curtsied to the new Parliament; and then his Majesty, taking the Queen's hand, slowly withdrew, followed a moment later by Princess Elizabeth, who also curtsied; and the Royal family left the Palace of Westminster for the ceremonial drive back to the Palace.

Prince Charles watched the procession from the walls of Clarence House.

The Royal coach returned to the Palace after the ceremony; passing down the Mall, hung with blue and white streamers in honour of the State visit of the French President.

The Queen's coronet sparkled with a thousand points of light as their Majesties drove back from the Palace of Westminster after the State opening of Parliament.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .



ARTHUR EVERITT, for bringing a Parisian open-air café touch to the Old Kent Road.

. . . and full chips to JACOB EPSTEIN, for achieving yet another awe-inspiring colossus.

IT fairly knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road when ex-Merchant mariner Arthur Everitt brought an atmosphere of Paris boulevards, complete with gay little sunshades and potted plants, to his kerbside coffee-stall. Arthur stands by in the picture above, while his regulars, drinking the traditional brew which remains at twopence a cup, show their approval.

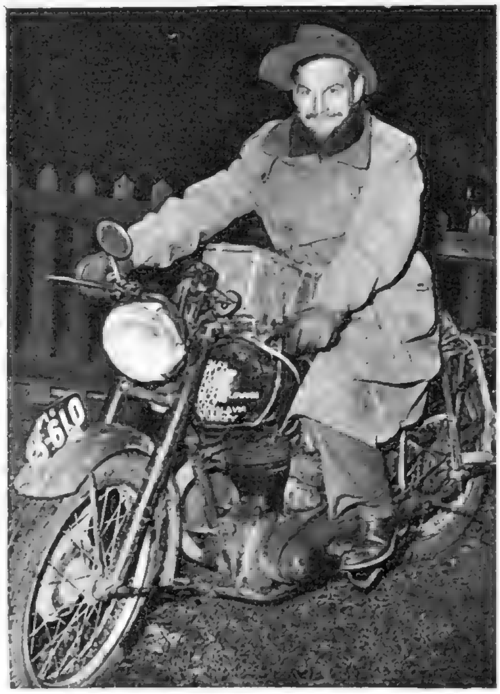
SCULPTOR JACOB EPSTEIN has returned to his pre-war custom of starring a great monumental figure in his new exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. This is Lazarus, in Hopton Wood stone, about 8 ft. high, 1½ tons in weight; as breath-taking as the Genesis, the Christ, and Jacob and The Angel, the controversial figures he exhibited before the war.

MARILYN HAMPTON, supporting the trophy won as "Miss Photo Flash" for 1950 from the Chicago Press Photographers' Association, shows the cameramen the smile and so on which won her the title.

SCHOOLMASTER HAROLD LLOYD wanted to know more about the world and humanity, so with this motor-bike made from the bits of three others, needle and thread, £50 and a razor, he set off on a 20,000-mile journey over Arabia, the Australian bush and the North-West Frontier. Recently he returned to his home in Broad Lane, Hampton, Middlesex, without a single puncture, but with experience as navvy, railway porter, factory hand and dish-washer.

CYNTHIA GAY, twenty-three-year-old daughter of a Bristol vicar, built a 10½-ft. Cadet Racing Dinghy singlehanded. The craft took shape in her old nursery at the vicarage, and took six months to complete. Cynthia is a keen member of Bristol Corinthian Yacht Club.

MARILYN HAMPTON, for knowing how to "watch the dickey-bird."



SCHOOLMASTER HAROLD LLOYD, for giving himself a 20,000-mile lesson in geography.

CYNTHIA GAY, for mastering the boat-building trade in her nursery.

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

PAINTER OLIVER MESSEL,

for the imaginative elegance of his décor both sides of the footlights.

A BIG percentage of the laurels won by that graceful, witty charade, *Ring Round the Moon*, at the Globe, go to Oliver Messel for the æsthetic beauty of his winter-garden—see its shade in this portrait—and for the costumes, both of which draw applause in the theatre. Other recent décor for which he was responsible, his design for the Royal box at Covent Garden last week, when their Majesties entertained the President of the French Republic and Mme. Auriol to a gala ballet performance. The box was draped in crimson and gold curtains, with a lion and unicorn *motif* in painted plaster—the effect both Royal and highly decorative.

Photographed by ANGUS McBEAN.

THE THEATRE

"MAN OF THE WORLD."

More than five years ago Roger Livesey appeared in Peter Ustinov's *The Banbury Nose*, which presented a man's life in reverse, running back from Z to A. Now here is the same actor in a play by a new dramatist, C. E. Webber, at the Lyric, Hammersmith, which also takes us backwards, but on a more erratic course. We begin in the prison cell occupied by an international financier, George Bernard, who awaits his trial on a charge of treason—this is somewhere, presumably, in Middle Europe. We end the night, also in the cell, when Bernard is being removed to an asylum by a pair of uncommonly sinister alienists. Between these points we are shown, in a sequence of flickers and flashes, some of the key-moments in the earlier life of a strange figure, at once enlightened and fantastic, a true citizen of the world who is not permitted to be one.

Clearly, Mr. Webber has the qualities of a dramatist. But, just as clearly, he should be entreated to write a play according to the usual rules of battle. It is no more humiliating to keep to the rules than it is to write a poem that scans and is immediately intelligible. In *Man of the World* the author has wasted a chance. It is a pity, for he has gifts—especially, one would say, of satirical humour—that should not be thrown away on scrap-book playmaking: this hop-skip technique is surely outmoded. At Hammersmith both the writing and the production (by Ken Tynan, an even younger director than Peter Brook) seem to be self-conscious, though we have to acknowledge the dexterity of this juggling with words, lights, and moving platforms. Some of the brief scenes can catch the imagination: there is the portentous spectacle of Big Business in conference, and—in another mood—there is the pathos of a death scene acted exquisitely by Ursula Jeans as the financier's crippled wife. Roger Livesey, with that caressing sincerity of his, firmly creates Bernard, a man like a gentle bear; and Wynne Clark, as his adoring secretary, does not misplace an inflection in a part that might easily have been ruined. Diana Dors goes loyally through the required motions as a peevish sweetie who should have had a brisk slippering.

"FLOWERS FOR THE LIVING."

When Lily Holmes was a sergeant in the A.T.S., she learnt to appreciate Chopin. And when, after demobilisation, she cannot endure the squalor of her slum tenement, she rushes to the National Gallery and finds relief in El Greco. To her horrible father, patient mother and tough-girl sisters, music means a noise on the radio, and pictures the kind with a queue for the ninepennies. Lily has become the squarest of pegs in the roundest of holes. Still, Toni Block, in the little piece at the Duchess, sees that it is all right for her in the end, and we are happy, less maybe for Lil's

"FLOWERS FOR THE LIVING."—Mrs. Holmes (Kathleen Harrison) assures Dickie (William Strange) that "some Council Schools are very 'igh class." A scene from Toni Block's play at the Duchess.

By J. C. Trewin

sake than for the sake of her endearing Mum, who does not deserve to have yet another row on her hands.

At the New Lindsey, two years ago, most of us agreed that this was a sincere and thoughtful (if at times an ingenuous) play that deserved a West End showing. But it has worn less well than we had expected. Somehow Lily's problem appears to have become a little remote and "dated." And the production slaps on the East End atmosphere so thickly that we are often embarrassed. However, Kathleen Harrison is in the cast, and no one can accuse her of exaggerating the Cockney mother on whom most of the cares of the world seem to rest. She presents this loyal, weary woman in every glance and gesture: it is not a "character" performance, it is life. Barry Morse and Nova Pilbeam bear off well the corporal and the ex-sergeant who will end, we gather, in rooms over a garage: Miss Pilbeam has an exceedingly awkward part and she does not shirk its difficulties. Some of the others in the cast labour all too obviously; but the kid brother, William Strange, discovers a proper urchin cut.

"HOME AT SEVEN."

R. C. Sherriff is the dramatist of the ordinary man (or woman) in the extraordinary situation. Here the man is an amiable bank clerk of regular habits who has been used for years to catch the same evening train from the city and to reach his outer-suburban home on the tick of seven. One Monday night he does not arrive. His wife, in agonised doubt, has to wait until, precisely at seven on the Tuesday evening, her husband lets himself in as if nothing had happened. To him it is still Monday night. What then has happened? What is the secret of the lost twenty-four hours—now, as it were, a blank on the map?

That is the problem of Sherriff's play of suspense at Wyndham's, and nothing will persuade me to tell you its solution. Here, for two exciting hours, the ordinary and the extraordinary march side by side. It is, technically, a better piece than *Miss Mabel*, for we have not to swallow so big a whale at the start. Sherriff lets us into the action as naturally as the bank clerk into his own house, and the dialogue throughout is a model of easy, unforced naturalism. That has always been this writer's strength —his acute knowledge of the little things of everyday life that are by no means simple to present in the theatre without a certain self-consciousness, a certain falsity. Here nothing is self-conscious or false. Sir Ralph Richardson, as the man who seems to have slipped from the bright day to a night without a glimmer, gives a performance remarkably compelling and exact. We are as sure, too, that Marian Spencer is the perfect wife for such a man as this as we are certain that Cyril Raymond is the right doctor, and Campbell Singer the only possible policeman to discuss such little details as burglary and murder.

"HOME AT SEVEN."—Sir Ralph Richardson as Mr. Preston, Cyril Raymond as Dr. Sparling, Philip Stainton as Major Watson and Marian Spencer as Mrs. Preston, in R. C. Sherriff's new play at Wyndham's.

SHOWS IN BRIEF

GLYNIS JOHNS, MICHAEL GOUGH, ROBERT ADAIR, KENNETH MORE.

"THE WAY THINGS GO" (Phoenix).—It is the Lonsdale way. The dramatist is still conferring titles and epigrams, and he has a suitably glittering cast, with Ronald Squire, Glynis Johns and Michael Gough.

CICELY PAGET-BOWMAN, LOUISE HAMPTON, FREDERICK VALK.

"JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN" (Arts).—Frederick Valk's controlled power as Borkman, the obsessed and doomed, gives a sombre distinction to the revival of one of Ibsen's major plays.

ANTHONY MARLOWE, JILL BENNETT, JANE HENDERSON, RODDY HUGHES.

"LADY PATRICIA" (Boltons).—A shadow-show of 1911, graceful, witty, absurd, and restored to us by a cast that appreciates this Rudolf Besier text, once adorned by Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

Three exquisite gowns representative of the many displayed to lucky viewers on March 1 when the ten leading London designers released the designs of their Spring Collections to the world. Betty Spurling arranged the programme.

T. S. Eliot's curious verse play, *The Family Reunion*, produced by Stephen Harrison, gave viewers food for thought. Members of the family above are the Hon. Charles Piper (Ronald Simpson), Harry, Lord Monchensey (David Markham), and Amy, the Dowager Lady Monchensey (Marie Ney).

The old nursery rhyme, *Sing a Song of Sixpence*, was turned into a musical play for young viewers by H. E. Todd and Capel Annand. Above, the King (Alan Reid), who is hungrily eyeing the Blackbird pie, and his Queen (Linda Gray).

Jack Buchanan, as the philandering Eisenstein, played opposite the charming Irish *prima donna* Tara Barry, who took the name-part in *Gay Rosalinda*, a naughty but light-hearted musical play set in Vienna to Johann Strauss' melodies.

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

AT the moment of writing, a Cyclopean storm is raging in the television sky. Journalistic thunderbolts are bursting all over Ally Pally's drama department, and most of them are scoring a direct hit on the head of its chief, Val Gielgud. Someone started a whisper that television plays were gloomy, sinister and macabre—worse still, that they were not fit for children to see. The daily Press took it up as a good story, and so a first-class row began.

We, from the comparative tranquillity of a fortnightly platform, can afford to view the situation rather more neutrally. Red-hot news stories are no concern of ours. The task, for us, is more of perspective than of immediate detail.

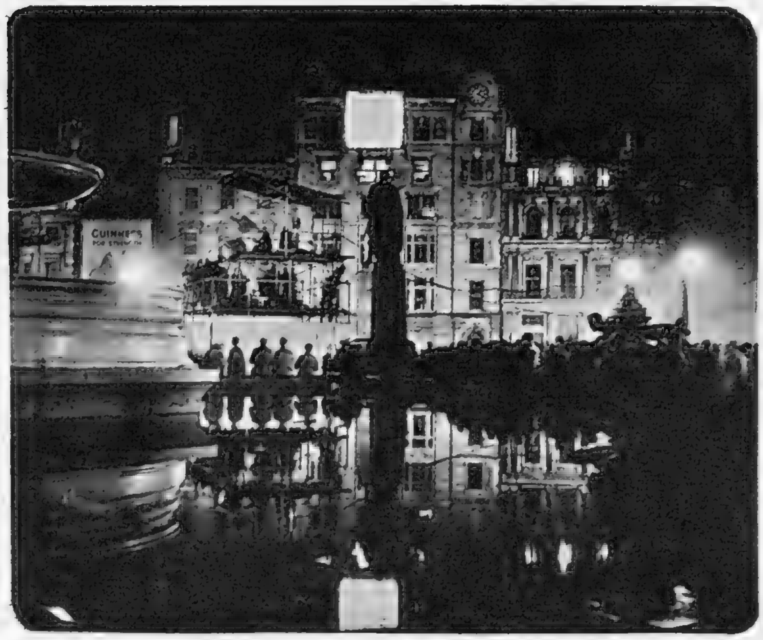
So here we find ourselves sitting on both sides of the stormy fence. It cannot be denied that recently television drama has been flowing along the single vein of seriousness. Nor can it be gainsaid, from the point of view of the person who only asks to be entertained by his set, with no mental effort on his part, that this has been a maddening state of affairs. But there are those of us who love a good play—and nine out of ten of the world's greatest plays are serious. Also we are not unanimously aligned to the idea that an adult drama policy should be dictated by its suitability for children.

To continue our policy of impartiality over this distressing business—and having an old-fashioned love of fair play—we thought we should know the B.B.C.'s side of the case. So we went along to hear what Val Gielgud had to say.

We found him a little rueful, adopting a "don't blame me" attitude. He pointed out that television plays are scheduled months in advance, and cleared his yard-arm by saying: "Though I took over the drama department at the beginning of this year, not a single play for whose choice I have been personally responsible has yet appeared."

HOWEVER, Mr. Gielgud has a definite plan and a definite policy for the future—and that is something quite new for Alexandra Palace. Soon, viewers will find that Sunday night will be given over to the popular type of play, the sort that is the backbone of the repertory company that makes money. These, to lift them out of the common rut, will feature West End

Nancy Price (right) plays brilliantly the indomitable mother in Emile Zola's celebrated murder story, *Thérèse Raquin*. Sonia Dresdel plays the name-part, and Margaret Barton, the little girl Suzanne. The scene is set in a drapery shop in Paris, 1880.



For the first time TV took part in reporting General Election results. An Outside Broadcasting Unit took up a position in Trafalgar Square, where results were being flashed on to a giant screen, seen above reflected in the water of the ornamental pool.

stars. It will be the equivalent of sound's "Saturday Night Theatre," and ought to satisfy those who look for a family entertainment of that type. There will be two more plays during the week, of which one will be repeated during the following seven days. These, we understand, will continue to be on rather more advanced and experimental lines, for as Mr. Gielgud says: "When you only have one theatre, you can't always do the sort of play everybody likes. You must cater for the minority as well as for the popular public. It is impossible to develop by concentrating entirely on sure successes. You must take risks and not be afraid of failures, for that 's the way you advance."

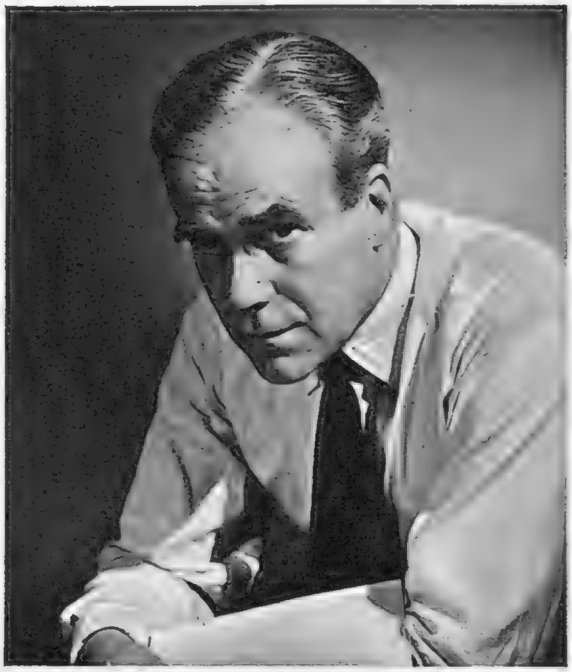
WELL, there 's the other side of the picture. Shall we now take a look at some of the offerings that have caused this flutter? The chief offender seems to have been T. S. Eliot's verse play, *The Family Reunion*. It was a worthy effort to tackle this opus, which nobody is supposed to understand. We found it understandable enough, but compounded—like the curate's egg—of a mixture of sheer beauty and equally sheer rot. It was not Stephen Harrison's happiest production. His camera work was jerky, giving one constant shocks by his unfortunate choice of new angles at the wrong moment. He might, too, have paid a little more attention to the artists' dresses. There was a striped number that Catherine Lacey wore which distracted horribly from what was otherwise a fine performance.

But the production of *Craven House*, by Diana Hamilton (from the novel by Patrick Hamilton), was a brilliant occasion, and Ian Atkins earned our humble thanks for his handling of it. There were impeccable performances by all who portrayed the paying-guest inmates of Craven House. But it was Jean Cadell's evening in the part of the "hostess"—especially in the moment, at the end, when she was hovering between sanity and madness.

NOW when we come to *Thérèse Raquin*, by Émile Zola, we feel that we ought to use superlatives. Or shall we content ourselves by saying that it was the nearest thing to great art that we have yet seen on the television screen? Zola's brooding, melodramatic classic is a "natural" for this medium. The story is psychological and terrifyingly intimate. This tale of the conflict between the guilty lovers and the stricken mother, whose son they have murdered, can be told almost entirely in close-up. Surely, producer Douglas Allen must have been inspired. He gave us a wonderful feeling of the period and of tension. Pictorially, his groupings were at times breath-taking, and one felt that one was paging through a sinister old family album. Sonia Dresdel, as the guilty Thérèse, laboured under the disadvantage that the television camera is unkind to her. But it takes more than that to stop such a superb actress. On the other hand, the same camera seems to enhance the expressiveness of Nancy Price's features; to probe into the innermost recesses of her heart. As Madame Raquin she gave a performance that we beg leave to doubt ever to see equalled.

The kindest thing we can say about *Gay Rosalinda*, an adaptation of *Die Fledermaus*, the other night, is that it was a studiously light-hearted affair and that everybody in it seemed to enjoy themselves. But it was not an occasion for a critical approach, especially if one happens to be musical. We enjoyed Jack Buchanan's flair as a comedian, but we would beseech him to desist as a singer of Johann Strauss' music.

Finally, a quick "thank you" to everybody at Alexandra Palace for a grand broadcast on Election Night. It must have been a tricky business, but you gave us all the fun and excitement of that particular fair.



OUR CRITIC'S BOUQUET IS HANDED TO . . .

Douglas Allen, producer of *Thérèse Raquin*, for giving us a hint that we may look forward to Television as a new Art as well as one of entertainment. This forty-seven-year-old producer has spent several years as an actor, stage director and producer on tour, in repertory and in the West End. After demob. from the R.A.O.C. in 1945 he returned to stage directing until he joined the B.B.C. as Studio Manager in 1947, becoming full Drama Producer in 1949. He will also be remembered for his recent TV production of *Cheapside*.

SELECTION BOARD—1900
Those interviews, as father knows,
Were not a "slice of cake."
When faced by all those so-and-so's
One had to keep upon one's toes
And very wide awake.
1950
To-day it rests on what you keep
On muttering when you're asleep !

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

RADIO.—Peter Fleming: For his bedtime reading of his *Brazilian Adventure*, which brings back so poignantly the travellers' joys of the 'thirties.

Frederick Laws

LITERATURE.—Elizabeth Jenkins: For her pithy studies of wickedness—*Six Criminal Women*.

SCREEN.—Roy Baker: For his tactful direction of the deeply-moving submarine picture, *Morning Departure*, and the great co-operation obtained by him from his cast.

C. A. Lejeune

STAGE.—Roger Livesey: For the tact and charm with which he pilots us around the life of the *Man of the World* in C. E. Webber's play at the Lyric, Hammersmith.

J. C. Trewin

"MORNING DEPARTURE."—A moving story about the British Navy in general and submarines in particular, starring (l. to r. in picture) Richard Attenborough, John Mills, and Nigel Patrick.

"ANGEL WITH THE TRUMPET."—Eileen Herlie's fine performance in a story of three generations of a Viennese family. Above, as Henrietta Alt with her husband, Francis Alt, played by Basil Sidney.

THE CINEMA

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REVIEWS

By C. A. Lejeune

"MORNING DEPARTURE."

This is a film that must send a glow of pride through any British audience, and should give deep and well-deserved satisfaction to everyone concerned in its making: Jay Lewis, the producer; Roy Baker, the director; W. E. C. Fairchild, who wrote the screenplay from the play by Kenneth Woollard; John Mills, Richard Attenborough, and all the actors in the cast.

Whether it will be liked by other nations than ours it is difficult to determine, for it is a story about the British Navy, told with typical British understatement, and set out at a characteristically British pace: a measured tempo that some would call comforting and others might call laggard. I am not at all sure that to appreciate it fully you must not have been British-born and British-bred, with an inheritance of seamanship that has been passed down through generations.

Morning Departure is chiefly concerned with submarines, and is specially moving at the moment in view of the recent disaster to the *Truculent*. The story is briefly this. H.M. Submarine *Trojan*, out on Asdic exercises, strikes an electric mine, and sinks to the sea-bed. The explosion destroys all but eight of the escape sets, and there are twelve survivors. Four men must be left behind in the gradually fouling atmosphere, until the submarine can be lifted. Whether it will be lifted in time to save their lives depends on good luck and good weather. The captain (John Mills) decides to stay with his ship, but deals out cards to determine the other three. The lot falls on the first officer (Nigel Patrick), the seaman cook (James Hayter) and a frightened young stoker (Richard Attenborough), who is mastering concealed agonies of claustrophobia. The rest of the film studies the reactions of these four men, as they wait for nine days alone, fathoms deep under the water. The close understanding that they achieve, and the rough philosophy they hew out together, makes bearable the final disaster in which rescue fails.

It was suggested, after the loss of the *Truculent*, that the film should be given a happy ending. It shows courage and good sense that this has not been done. There is nothing in the present treatment to give offence, and a great deal to afford consolation. Nobody who has lost a son, or a husband, or a brother in a submarine disaster would feel one scrap the better because a quartette of actors were dragged up scatheless from the sea bottom. The ending of the film, as it stands, has great nobility, and the four actors concerned in the last scenes play their parts in such a way that the impression is cut very deep.

"THE ANGEL WITH THE TRUMPET."

In the case of *The Angel with the Trumpet* one is forced to do what the critical brotherhood are rarely expected to do—distinguish between a film and a performance. Eileen Herlie's acting as the woman around whom the story revolves rates a good alpha minus, and might well have earned her an alpha or an alpha plus had the material with which she worked given her a better chance. Unhappily, the film itself seldom rises above a low beta mark, and without a good script and good direction even a great actress, which I consider Miss Herlie to be, cannot hope to give a great performance.

The Angel with the Trumpet was originally filmed in Austria, as a starring vehicle for Paula Wessely. It tells a story of three generations of a celebrated Viennese family; a house of piano manufacturers, who once upon a time made an instrument for Mozart, and are left engaged in their craft, with pride and optimism, among the present rubble of the bombed city. The figure that gives the film its title—more cherub than angel—is the family trademark, and with it goes the family motto—"The trumpet says, Make Music: the Angel says, Serve God."

A beautiful young woman, half Jewish by race, but Catholic by faith, marries into this family after a love-affair with that Archduke Rudolph who died at Mayerling. She doesn't love her good, dull husband, but she is a faithful wife to him. They grow old together, producing two sons, a good, biddable one, and a bad, wild one. The good, biddable one goes into the piano business, and marries a nice little concert pianist. The bad, wild one becomes a Nazi.

After the wife has nursed her husband loyally through a fatal paralytic stroke, and developed a sort of maternal fondness for the poor old thing, the last war breaks out. The woman is denounced as a Jewess, presumably by the bad son's associates, and throws herself out of a top-floor window just as the prodigal turns up to announce he has put her party record straight. Nothing much happens after that, except that the good son and his wife rear children, and go on making and playing pianos.

We are told that *The Angel with the Trumpet* was a tremendous success in its Austrian version, and that every part in the long cast was beautifully played. Two of the original players appear in the British cast, and they do well. Maria Schell is charming as the good son's wife, and Oscar Werner (though his voice has had to be dubbed by Michael Gough) makes a striking impression as the Nazi son. The English players apart from Miss Herlie, just get by, some of them with a bit of a squeeze.

Miss Herlie is fine. In a character that has to develop over a span of sixty-odd years, with hardly any linking scenes, she manages to grow old from *inside*, to suggest a gradual process of maturing, with an integrity that never wavers, and an art that never stoops to show off. For much of the time she is making bricks without straw, but how deftly and how unselfishly she does it!

FILMS IN BRIEF

"MADELEINE."—A very fair resumé, sensitively directed by David Lean for his wife, Ann Todd, of the case of Madeleine Smith, who escaped with the Scottish verdict of "Not Proven" from the charge of poisoning her lover in 19th-century Glasgow. Recommended.

*

"UN AMI VIENDRA CE SOIR."—French Resistance drama, set in a sanatorium near the Swiss frontier, with Michel Simon, Madeleigne Sologne, and other fine actors. Honourable mention.

*

"THREE CAME HOME."—Hollywood version of the true story of Agnes Newton Keith, who was held prisoner, with her small son, in a Japanese internment camp, for the greater part of the war. A plainly sincere effort towards integrity, weakened by Claudette Colbert's healthy allergy to any obvious stigmata of ordeal.

*

"THE RED DANUBE."—Hollywood's teeny-weeny hint as to the way the British have gone wrong in handling the problem of Russian nationals in occupied Vienna. Presumably well-intentioned, but approached with all the subtlety of a lumbering puppy. With Walter Pidgeon and Ethel Barrymore.

*

"BAGDAD."—Maureen O'Hara, speaking Irish with an American brogue, as the English-educated daughter of a tribal chieftain of Bagdad, who manages to clear up a comic-strip conspiracy by some people called the Black Robes. "A" (for adolescent) minus.

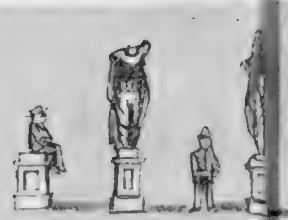
*

"A KISS FOR CORTISE."—Shirley Temple Tries Again.

. . . and PREVIEWS

(*Right.*) Paul Soskin's dockside drama *Waterfront* has just been completed at Pinewood. Taken from the novel by John Brophy, it is a story of the Liverpool slums in the period 1919-33. Robert Newton, as Peter McCabe, a seafaring man, stars in it with Kathleen Harrison; picture shows him being thrown out of a pub where he has started a drunken quarrel with a shipmate.

Here is Alec Guinness (centre) in a new J. B. Priestley film, *Last Holiday*, which is due to be seen in early summer. In it he takes the part of a young man who, having been told by his doctor that he is suffering from an incurable disease and has only six weeks to live, decides to spend his last days in a luxury hotel at the seaside. In the end he discovers it is all a mistake, and he is not going to die prematurely after all.



WHEN

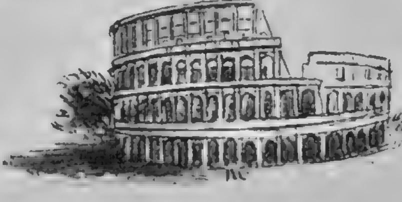
THIS year Rome celebrates its twenty-fifth Catholic Jubilee since the year 1300. From all parts of the globe during 1950 Roman Catholics will flock to the Eternal City in their hundreds of thousands, by 'plane, ship and train; and it

Above, the gardens of the Villa Borghese, which has statues, fountains, umbrella-pines, a zoo, and a magnificent view of Rome. Below, left, S. Angelo Castle, built by the Emperor Hadrian (A.D. 117-138) as his mausoleum, was converted by the Borgias into a fortress and here the husband of Byron's mistress, Guiccioli, was imprisoned. Below, half-right, the Temple of the Vestal Virgins ; and the fountains of the Tritone, with cab-rank in background.

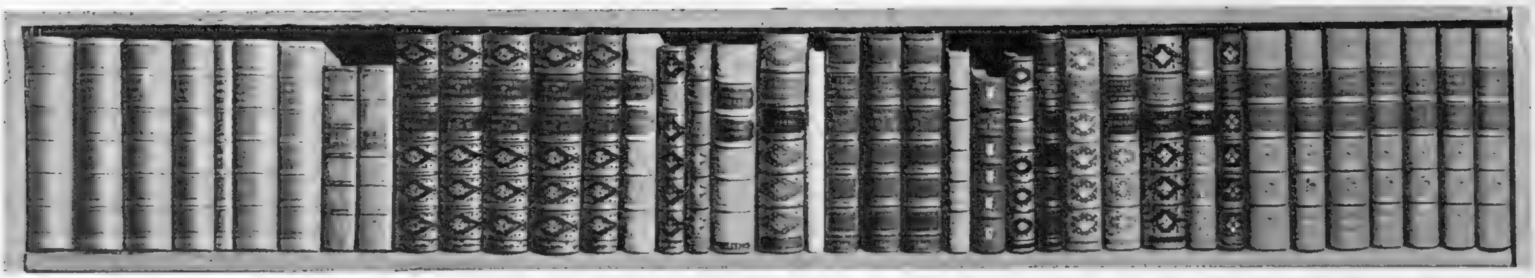
IN ROME . . .

is predicted that the Holy Year of 1950 will be the most successful in its long history. The only really distinctive pageantry associated with a Holy Year took place on Christmas Eve last, when His Holiness Pope Pius XII. struck the Holy Door in the Great Basilica of S. Peter's, and entered, followed later in full ceremonial by the Cardinals and other clergy; and likewise with the doors of the three other basilicas. Here are drawings of some of Rome's most characteristic features.

Full centre flutter the draperies of Church and Army; and top, centre, all that remains of the Vestal Virgins. Top, right, the bust of an emperor, with two sketches of the Via Vittoria Veneto; lined with trees, cluttered with expensive cars, housing the wealthiest tourists, the Via is reputed to be Rome's most beautiful street; and leads to the Villa Borghese. Left, a thumbnail sketch of the Colosseum, with some tourists below it; and bottom right is the Forum where, perhaps, the great Cæsar fell.



Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by ALMA K. LEE.



OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

By P. H. Newby. *(Cape ; 9s. 6d.)*

A REVIEWER of a previous book by this author has said that "one is left feeling that very little is beyond Mr. Newby's powers." I felt just that, but I find myself unable to say why it is so. Perhaps because none of his novels seems to exhaust his talents and a reviewer is made to feel like a schoolmaster reading a brilliant composition over which the writer has not fully exerted himself. This may be unfair, for such a tenuous and weblike novel as this may be the natural medium for this very talented writer. Certainly Mr. Newby makes one feel that more is latent in his work than expressed.

The story here is of a father and son. The man's second wife dies and the boy learns that she was not, as he had always supposed, his mother. He is sent to work for his uncle, a baker in Wales, while the father wanders away from the town where the two had lived, and, like Mr. Polly, settles in a country inn which has few customers. For a time the two lives continue thus, then the father visits the son and there is a strange climax to a story which in most other hands would have been commonplace. Behind it, one gathers, there is symbolism of a kind. The boy finds a reservoir near his new home, and learns that his mother had lived beside it, after she had left his father. This reservoir has an esoteric significance, in some way contrasted with that of the baker's shop and the father's inn. I cannot pretend to interpret this symbolism, but I enjoyed the cool limpid prose, the sympathetic observation of a boy reaching adolescence, and the passages which bring landscapes to the eye as clearly as an English watercolour.

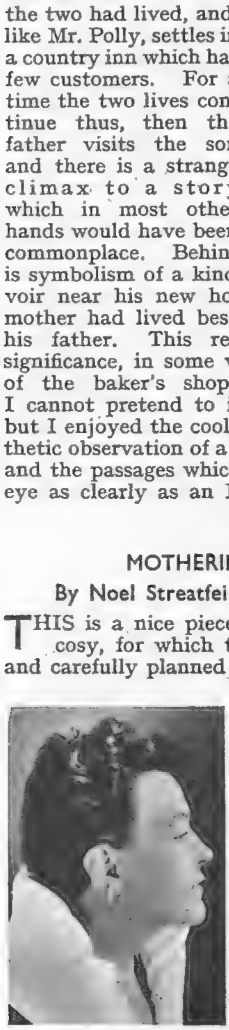
P. H. NEWBY

★

MOTHERING SUNDAY.

By Noel Streatfeild. *(Collins ; 8s. 6d.)*

THIS is a nice piece of knitting, woolly and cosy, for which the pattern is as obvious and carefully planned as instructions to do one plain and two purl. There is a grown-up family of five and a pleasant elderly mother who insists on living alone. The family keeps up a tradition of sending her presents on mid-Lent Sunday, which, by an old custom, is called Mothering Sunday. The expression is explained and reiterated so tiresomely that before the end of the book one never wants to hear it again. Something odd in the behaviour of the mother makes the children decide to visit her, coming together from their various homes, on this particular day, and most of the book consists of large portraits of each of them as they prepare for the occasion. There is the pompous Henry, a Member of Parliament with an American wife, the beautiful and vague Felicity, the dumpy, contented, overworked woman doctor Margaret, the managing Jane and the sensible in-laws and friends. The youngest brother Tony is absent because he is a bad hat and wanted by the police. They all arrive, eat together, quarrel, and so on, their stories gathered together on the knitting needles as neatly as one expected. They learn why their mother wanted to live alone, and, of course, find that Tony isn't such a bad hat after all. They all turn out to be what are called "nice" people, and even the mother's next-door neighbour, who is "common" and has concrete mushrooms and elves in his garden, has a heart of gold. The book is carefully written and will give pleasure to a great many people, though I must own that I am not amongst them.



NOEL STREATFEILD

★

NO DUTY ON A CORPSE.

By Max Murray. *(Michael Joseph ; 8s. 6d.)*

THIS is Mr. Murray's third detective novel and by far his best. He has dropped his know-all facetiousness and tells his story well, with humour that only occasionally degenerates into flippancy and a gift for character drawing which is something more than caricature. A woman is murdered on the transatlantic liner *Queen Alexandra*. She proves to be the secretary of a rich and dangerous old woman who has lately died in England, and she was on her way to sell an indiscreet book of memoirs by her late employer to an American publisher. This provides a motive for several of the passengers, and her concern with a previous murder on the Cheltenham to London express involves several more. Investigation has to be done without expert assistance, for Mr. Murray has made up his passenger list without including a member of the C.I.D. The crew, of course, know that a murder has been committed, and their reactions are briefly shown. Only one passenger has any knowledge of the details, an amiably assured young man called Peter Almsford, an adept at love and steeplechasing, who infuriates the ship's officers by knowing too much about the wrong things at quite the wrong moments. There are other delights—a Lady Thessiger who breeds shorthorns, a "brown, wrinkled little woman" who "could carry on a normal conversation with her head cowman at anything up to a hundred yards" and a gentleman who introduces himself with the adequate sentence: "I suppose without boasting I can claim that I was the largest single cotton-seed oil exporter in the world to-day." The solution is unexpected and not more than usually far-fetched. Altogether a satisfying thriller.

MAX MURRAY

★

SIX CRIMINAL WOMEN.

By Elizabeth Jenkins. *(Sampson Low ; 10s. 6d.)*

THIS book consists of biographical studies, supported by just sufficient documentation, of six women who have shocked the age in which they lived by various kinds of criminal activities. There is the notorious and slightly fantastic figure of Sarah Rachel Leverson, who achieved fame and wealth by opening the first advertised beauty parlour in London, and used it to blackmail her victims out of large sums of money, and whose activities were only temporarily checked by imprisonment.

A very different criminal was the female miser Alice Perrers, mistress of Edward III., who was ordered to restore the Crown Jewels after the King's death. The seventeenth-century forger, Lady Ivie, is contrasted with these, and is followed by Frances Howard, Countess of Somerset, who had Sir Thomas Overbury poisoned in the Tower of London in the reign of James I., a particularly cruel crime by a memorably beautiful woman. A piquant interlude is provided in the story of Jane Webb, who was executed for picking pockets in 1740, after a successful career as organiser of a gang of thieves. Her contemporary fame was considerable, and she was the supposed original of Jenny Diver in Gay's *Beggar's Opera*. Finally, Miss Jenkins recalls the Balham Mystery of the 1870's, a dark and intriguing riddle which has never been solved. All these sketches are very well done. Miss Jenkins writes with spirit and humour, and has the blessedly welcome knack of making one interested in her subject.

Books in Brief

THE CLEFT ROCK.
By Alice Tisdale Hobart. *(Cassell ; 10s. 6d.)*

Four generations of a Californian family. Intelligent but rather long-winded.

THE GARDENS OF HAMPTON COURT.
By Mollie Sands. *(Evans ; 21s.)*

Four centuries of English history and gardening. Well written, produced and illustrated.

PLAYS OF THE YEAR 1948-49.
Chosen by J. C. Trewin. *(Elek ; 12s. 6d.)*

A good representative selection which includes *Cockpit*, *Family Portrait* and *The Paragon*. But it is an awkward book to handle and has far too many misprints in it.

KING OF THE BASTARDS.
By Sarah Gertrude Millin. *(Heinemann ; 12s. 6d.)*

The story of a Boer family in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Field-Marshal Smuts writes a Foreword, and says that "we get a picture of South African horror such as has never been painted before." But of courage and idealism, too.

FAREWELL INNOCENCE.
By William Glynne-Jones. *(Werner Laurie ; 8s. 6d.)*

Study of a Welsh adolescent. Love, friendship, work in a steel foundry, and ambition. Fondly and carefully written.

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A showerproof coat of blonde-coloured wool gaberdine. Wear it loose or belted, the pointed collar turned up or lying flat. The double-front closing is a new feature and the raglan sleeves are cut to accommodate your suit. About 22 gns. from Aquascutum, Regent Street.

A cotton gaberdine classic in carnation pink. Wear it without the hood as a light summer dustcoat. 9 gns. at Aquascutum, Regent Street, and good stores everywhere.

BECAUSE the day is dull, it doesn't mean that you must be dismal too. The dispirited, style-less raincoat becomes a thing of the past as more and more manufacturers produce rain-clothes in line with current fashion. They incorporate wide and stand-up collars, rounded shoulder lines, hoods which are detachable, skirts flared or full, and they are cut well and generously to accommodate suits.

Look for styles in proofed tweeds, gaberdines, "Ventile" cloths, and choose one of the new Spring colours—carnation pink—delphinium—dandelion—or tennis-court green.

Waterproof coat in delphinium blue rayon with a wide, slanting wrap-over and tartan-lined hood. A Telemac coat for about £7 from D. H. Evans.

Grey and chalk-white overcheck for this proofed-tweed Mattamac raincoat. The skirt flares prettily. About £7 from Marshall and Snelgrove; Bobbys of Bournemouth.

A gaily-checked wet-weather coat with a ballerina skirt and detachable hood. A Mattamac design priced about £7 from Debenham and Freebody; Bobbys of Bournemouth.

Showerproof wool gaberdine on top, cosy tartan wool inside. Deep cuffs and cuffed pockets, channel-stitched seams front and back. About 17 gns. from Aquascutum, Regent Street.

WHAT GOES ON

Our Puppets Select Their List of Coming Events

★ *This List went to Press last week, so please check with the Daily Papers.*

ENGAGEMENTS

A marriage has been arranged between:

John Fetherston, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hodgkins, of Pump Farm Manor, Ightham, Kent, and Pamela, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Russell Vick, of Wildernesse Chase, Seal.

Comdr. John William H. Bennett, D.S.C., R.N., son of the late Major W. P. Bennett, and of Mrs. Ash, of Ballykeel, Cowley, Exeter, and Dinah, daughter of Sir Guy and Lady Nugent, of Pen, Weston, Bath.

The Hon. Gordon William Nottage Palmer, M.B.E., son of Lord and Lady Palmer, of Fernhurst, Pinkney's Green, Berks, and Lorna Eveline, daughter of Major and Mrs. Bailie, of Manderston, Berwickshire.

Howard Woodrow, son of Mr. G. H. Coxon, of Brockham Court, Brockham Green, Surrey, and the late Mrs. Coxon, and Paula Jane Peters, daughter of Mr. Paul Peters, of Ottawa, Canada, and of Lady Brinckman, of London.

Lord Dunboyne, son of the late Captain Lord Dunboyne, R.N., and Lady Dunboyne, of 36, Ormonde Gate, S.W.3., and Anne Marie, daughter of Sir Victor and Lady Mallet, of the British Embassy, Rome.

David, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Jessel, 7, Clarendon Place, W.2, and Amelia, daughter of Capt. the Hon. R. O. FitzRoy, R.N., and Mrs. FitzRoy, Stoke Dry House, Uppingham, Rutland.

Principe Gaetano Parente, son of the late Marchese Enrico Parente, and the Marchesa Maria Parente Imperiali, and Lady Margaret Cavendish-Bentinck, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Portland.

Derek Ivens Archibald, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Hamblen, of Bryle Cottage, Forest Row, Sussex, and Pauline Alison, daughter of Gen. Sir Willian Morgan, Washington, D.C., and Lady Morgan, of 5, Wellington Square, S.W.3.

SPORT

RACING

March 16-18. Lincoln.
,, 17, 18. Sandown.
,, 18. Catterick Bridge.
March 20, 21. Doncaster.
,, 22, 23. Fontwell.
,, 22-25. Liverpool. (GRAND NATIONAL ON 25th.)
,, 27, 28. Leicester.
,, 29, 30. Windsor.

GENERAL SPORT

Rugby Football: Scotland *v.* England on March 18 at Edinburgh. The Army *v.* Royal Air Force on March 25 at Twickenham.

Hockey: England *v.* Wales on March 25 at Bournemouth.

Golf: The Club *v.* Army G.S. on March 18 at Moor Park. Old Malburian G.S. *v.* Old Wellingtonian G.S. on March 19 at Walton Heath.

ENTERTAINMENT

STAGE

Old Favourites

"Oklahoma!" (Drury Lane). "Annie Get Your Gun" (Coliseum). "Traveller's Joy" (Criterion). "The Heiress" (Haymarket). "Harvey" (Piccadilly). "Brigadoon" (His Majesty's). "Black Chiffon" (Westminster). "Worm's Eye View" (Whitehall). "Beaux Stratagem" (Lyric). "On Monday Next" (Comedy). "Young Wives' Tale" (Savoy).

Recent Choices

"A Streetcar Named Desire" (Aldwych)—Vivien Leigh in the Broadway success by Tennessee Williams.

"King's Rhapsody" (Palace)—Ivor Novello's newest musical.

"Treasure Hunt" (Apollo)—Sybil Thorndike in Irish comedy.

"Castle in the Air" (Adelphi)—Alan Melville's comedy, with Jack Buchanan and Coral Browne.

"Murder at the Vicarage" (Playhouse)—A good Agatha Christie whodunnit, with Barbara Mullen.

"Venus Observed" (St. James's)—Christopher Fry's exquisite verse spoken by Laurence Olivier, Valerie Taylor, George Relph, Heather Stannard and Denholm Elliot.

"Ring Round the Moon" (Globe)—a soufflé by Jean Anouilh, translated by Christopher Fry, produced by Peter Brook and decorated by Oliver Messel; with Margaret Rutherford, Paul Scofield and Claire Bloom.

"Larger Than Life" (Duke of York's)—Jessie Royce Landis in adaptation of Maugham's novel "Theatre."

"A Lady Mislaid" (St. Martin's)—light comedy, with Ronald Ward.

"Take It From Here" (Prince of Wales)—Jimmy Edwards, Joy Nichols and Dick Bentley in a stage version of the radio success.

"The Way Things Go" (Phœnix)—a new Lonsdale comedy with Ronald Squire, Glynis Jones and Michael Gough.

Just Arrived or Due Shortly

"Knights of Madness" (Victoria Palace)—new Crazy Gang show. March 16.

"Latin Quarter 1950" (London Casino)—new version, March 18.

"Sauce Piquante" (Cambridge)—successor to "Sauce Tartare," due end of March.

Danny Thomas (Palladium)—the American comedian. March 27.

"The Holly and the Ivy" (Lyric Hammersmith)—with Jane Baxter and Herbert Lomas. March 28.

MUSIC

At the Royal Albert Hall:

The Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers, conducted by Serge Jaroff, on March 16.

"The Kingdom" (Elgar). London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent, March 18.

Bach Festival. Mass in B minor by the Jacques Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Reginald Jacques. March 21.

B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult, on March 22.

Bach Festival. The Bach Choir and the Jacques Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Reginald Jacques, present St. John Passion on March 24, and St. Matthew Passion on March 26.

"Hiawatha," with Isobel Baillie, Webster Booth and London Symphony Orchestra. (In aid of Children's Medical Dept., Battersea Central Mission.) March 27.

OPERA

At Sadler's Wells: the opera season continues.

Covent Garden Opera Company will be touring until April 15. Their repertory includes "The Olympians," and "Peter Grimes."

BALLET

At Covent Garden: The Sadler's Wells Ballet until April 15. The repertory includes "Don Quixote," "Giselle" and the complete "Le Lac des Cygnes."

At Sadler's Wells: A new ballet, "Summer Interlude," will be given on March 28. Choreographer, Michael Somes. Ballet performances are given every Saturday matinée.

ART

At the Victoria and Albert: Newly opened galleries of Continental Art (1500-1700) and Islamic Art.

At the Tate Gallery: Paintings and drawings by Fernand Léger, until March 19.

At the Guildhall: St. Bride Photographic Society, from March 20.

Royal Institute of Painters in Watercolours at the R.I. Galleries, 195, Piccadilly, from March 20.

"50 Years of Women Painters and Sculptors," by the Women's International Art Club, at the R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, until March 24.

Jacob Epstein, Ethelbert White—at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. Until April 6.

Peter Rose Pulham and E. Q. Nicholson exhibit at the Hanover Gallery, from March 21.

OTHER ENTERTAINMENT

Empire Theatre, Leicester Square: the fourth screen-plus-stage programme has a war-picture, "Battleground," starring Van Johnson, and a new Nat Karson stage production with the Empire Ballet, the Empire Girls and George Melachrino's orchestra.

The second Pied Piper Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C., on March 17; organised by the Chelsea branch, the Marchioness of Cambridge is president and Lady Lloyd chairman.

Film première of "Always Leave Them Laughing," in aid of the Purley Schools, at Warner Theatre, on March 23. The Duchess of Kent will attend.

Spring Dinner Dance at 6, Belgrave Square on March 31, in aid of the Women's Adjustment Board. Dancing 8-12 with Bill Savill's Band.

Foyle's Literary Luncheon: on March 24 at the Dorchester, in honour of the Piddingtons. Guests of honour will include Algernon Blackwood, Donald Peers, Godfrey Wynn, Ronald Searle, Dennis Wheatley and Noel Langley.

CEREMONY

The King, accompanied by Princess Elizabeth, presents shamrock to the First Battalion of the Irish Guards at Chelsea Barracks on St. Patrick's Day, March 17.

Princess Elizabeth will attend a banquet at the Guildhall to mark the inauguration of the National Thanksgiving Fund, on March 22. On March 27, she will present prizes at the annual prize distribution of the London Chamber of Commerce at the Guildhall.

Princess Margaret will visit the Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia, on March 21; on March 27 she will be at Manchester to lay the foundation-stone of the new Free Trade Hall. She will also visit Salford, and on March 28, St. Helens, Warrington, Leigh and Wigan.

The King and Queen will attend the Maundy Thursday Service at Westminster Abbey, and the King will distribute the Royal Maundy on March 29.

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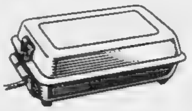

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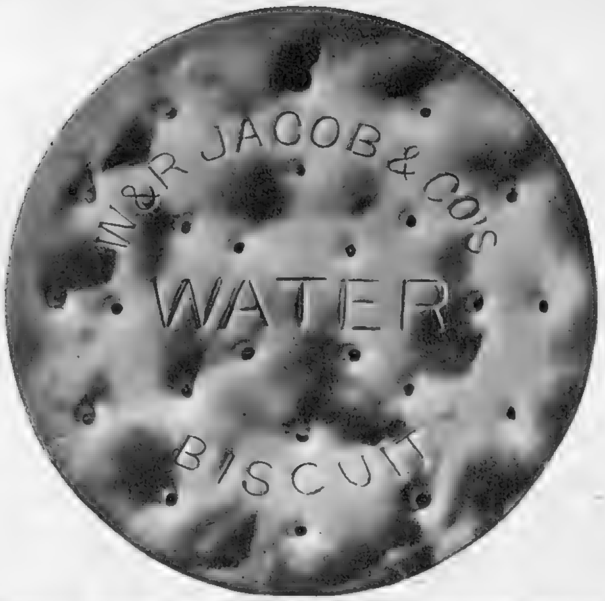

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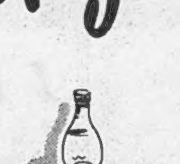

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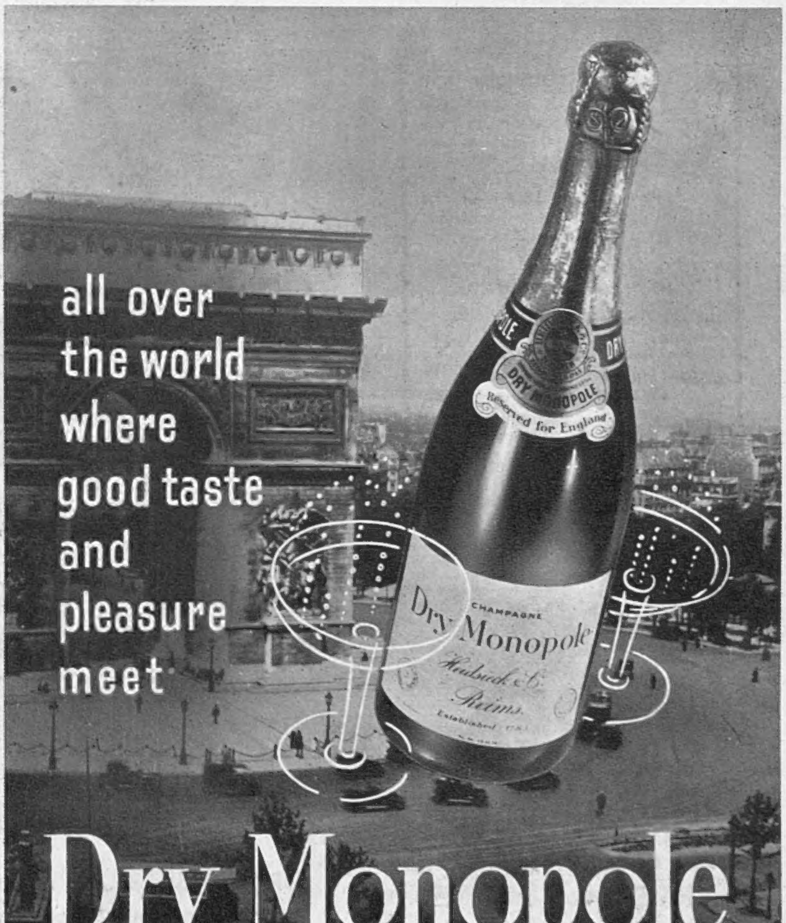

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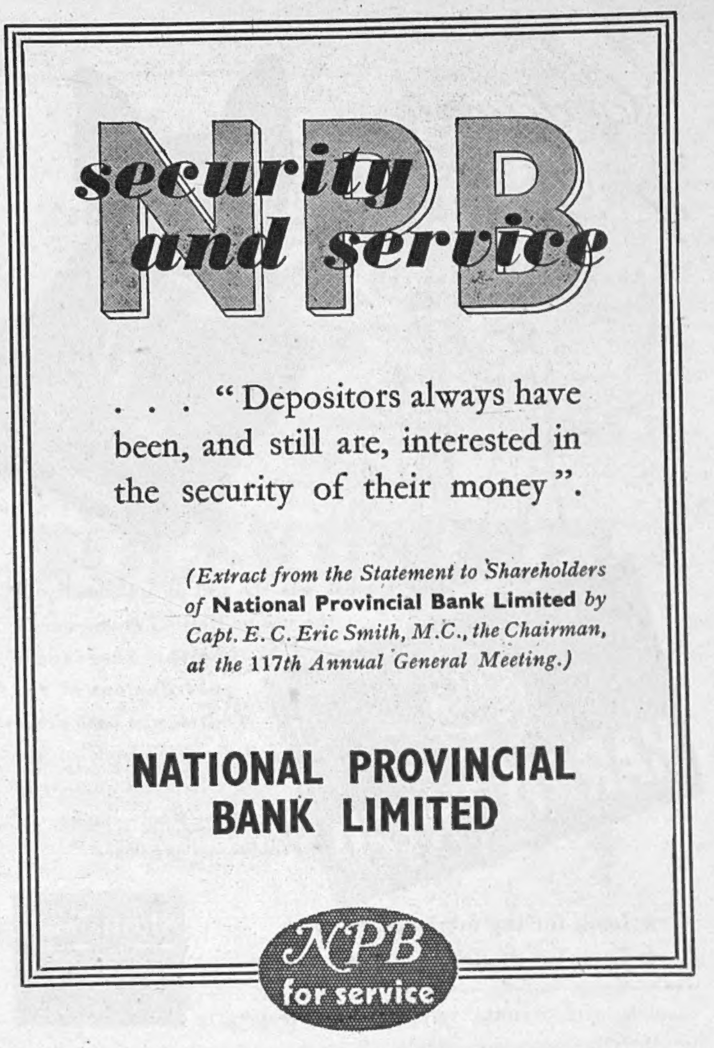
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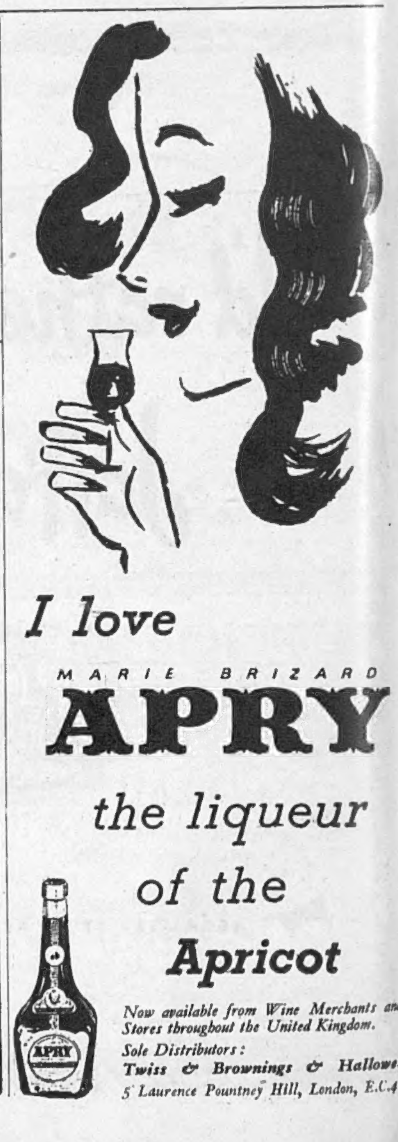
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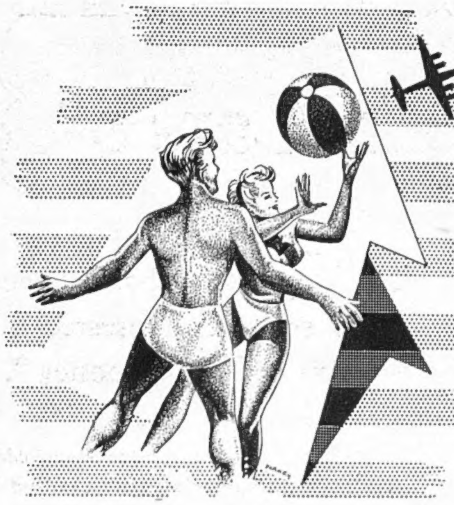

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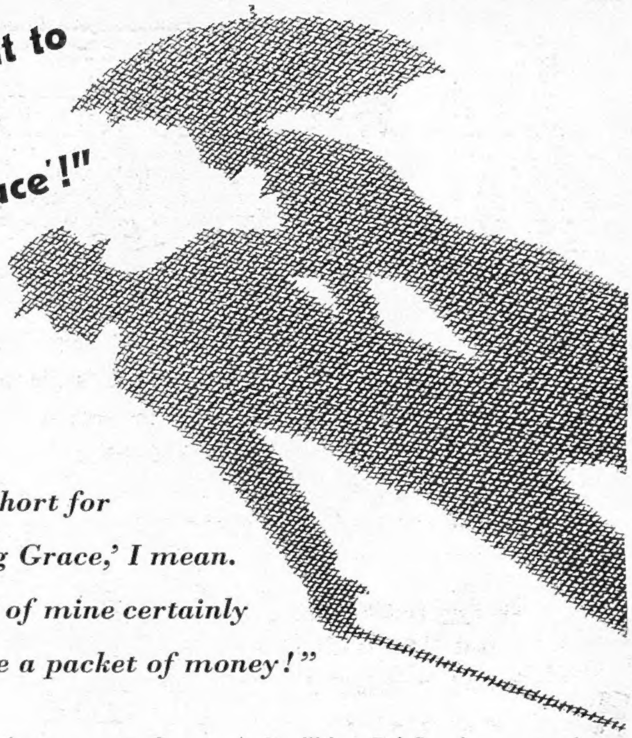

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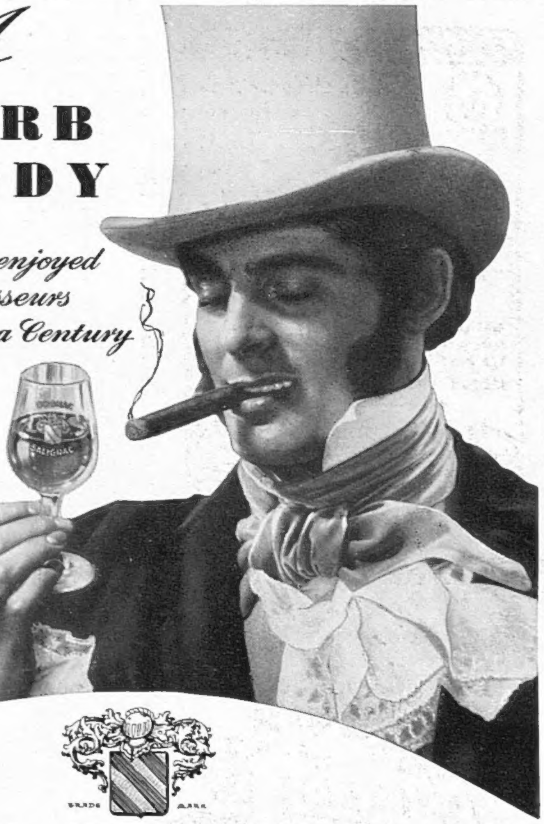

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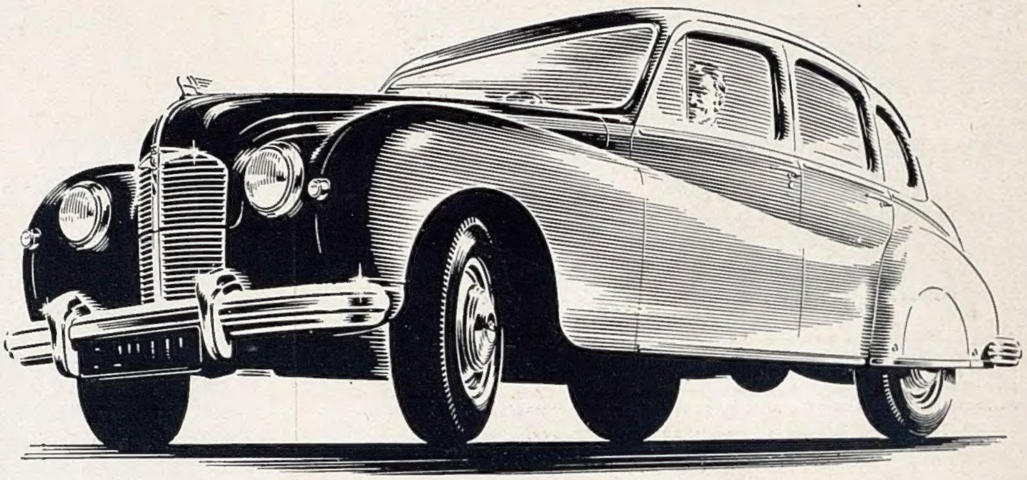

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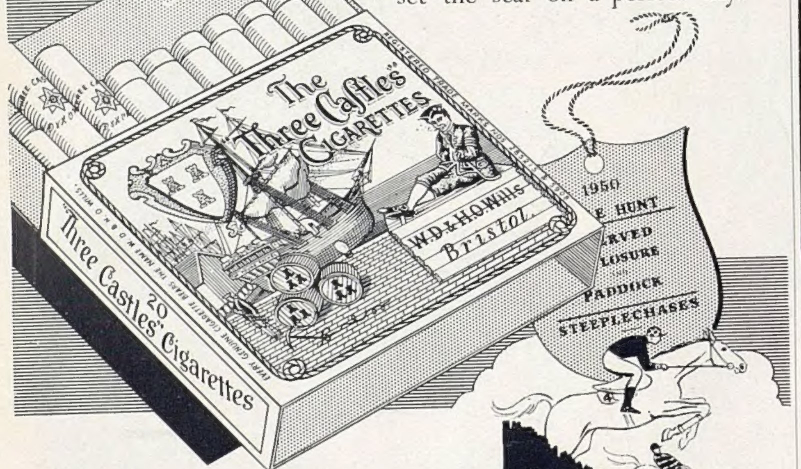

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